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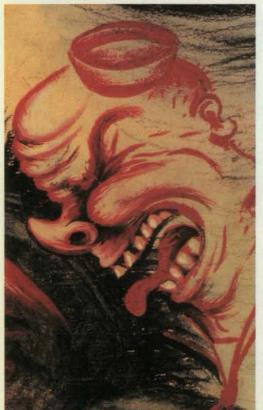




HUSTLER

JANUARY 1998





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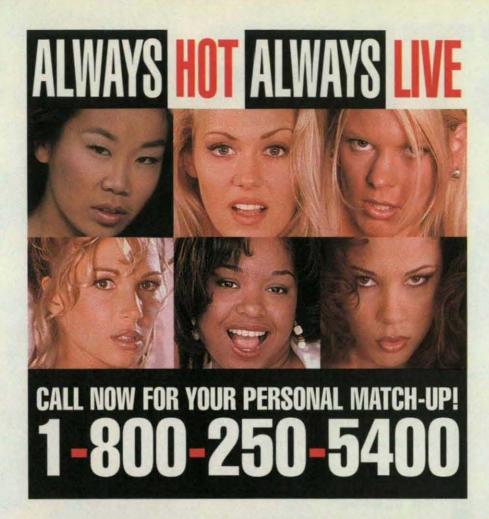
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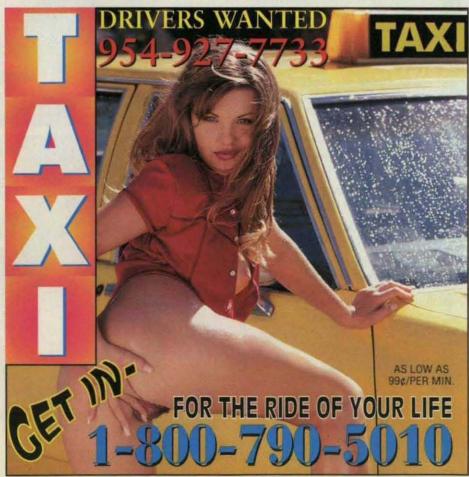
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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.
Cover photo by Suze Randall



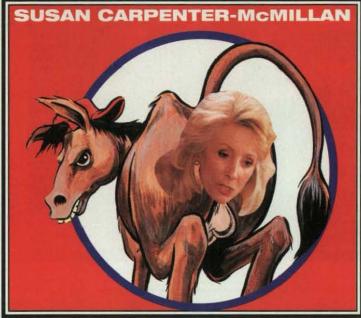
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Imagine a crude, open-pit latrine, with not even a layer of lime thrown down to cut the stench. Solid turds pile up in a swamp of piss and liquid diarrhea. The shit rises over the rim of the trench. Look closely, and you will see vile worms and insects perched upon the bobbing logs, pecking and scratching in this stew of filth. These disease-carrying vermin are shit eaters. Each of these pests has a digestive tract and an anus. Each shit eater in turn shits.

It is a nauseating fact that for every parasite, there is always a creature lower down the turd chain, eagerly scarfing the shit of the shit eaters. Such a bottom feeder is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for January 1998, Susan Carpenter-McMillan, an asshole's asshole and an eater of shit-eater shit.

Best defined as "the cunt that's spokesperson for that cunt Paula Jones," Susan Carpenter-McMillan is an exposure scavenger. Blond in the worst way, pushing 50, wearing the facial expression of a woman who has just received a brisk amphetamine enema, as if her face had been lifted so far that the wrinkles around her eyes have become worry lines on her forehead, Susan has appointed herself acting mouthpiece for Paula Jones.

Paula, the most famous piece of trailer debris ever to blow out of Little Rock, Arkansas, is a trash digger in her own right. Her prized shred of reclaimed garbage? Her "good name and reputation," which she allegedly dumped in May 1991 by gazing upon the penis of then-Governor of Arkansas Bill Clinton.



Susan Carpenter-McMillan appears on TV with painful regularity. She is usually introduced as Paula Jones's spokesperson, a designation she denies in a screechy, told-you-so voice. "I am a friend and advisor. Nobody's a spokesperson except for herself. Her exact words, only Paula Jones can give you that."

Why, then, are Susan Carpenter-McMillan's pinched Pasadena nostrils so deeply wedged in Paula Jones's Arkie ass crack?

The answer may be found in Susan's home life. The blonde, who admits seeking authority to write checks off Jones's donor-financed legal fund, is married to William Neal McMillan, a personal-injuries lawyer, the type commonly known

as "ambulance chaser." Perhaps watching her husband work primed Susan to attach herself to the Paula Jones train wreck.

Observe the fecal grins of the two she-jackals. Susan and Paula slice through an airport like a pair of unfuckable divas from a nighttime soap opera. All big hair and aggrieved demeanor, they make it easy to understand why so many men turn to the bottle. Jones has the primordial beak and teeth of a carrion-eating bird that dines on corpses, chewing from the colon up. She looks like the rectal-slime baby of Grandpa Munster and Cousin It.

"I really think of her as my kid sister," says Carpenter-McMillan.

Prior to jumping on the Jones

bandwagon, Carpenter-McMillan operated something called the Woman's Coalition, a group that may or may not have had members other than Carpenter-McMillan. The group's estimated \$15,000 budget was financed largely by Carpenter-McMillan's husband. The Coalition was devoted to securing appearances for Susan on local news broadcasts.

Susan's primary schtick was antiabortion protests. She would wave a picture of an aborted fetus and look at the TV cameras as if she'd bitten into a sour turd.

Susan quit the antiabortion racket suddenly, her retreat coinciding with an *L.A. Times* report that she had exercised her option to have an abortion as a 21-year-old, unmarried college student.

Carpenter-McMillan has traded in her gruesome photo of a coathanger kid for Paula Jones. Bonded, the two skanks are an abomination that even lawyers cannot stomach. Forfeiting any chance of being paid for three years' work, attorneys Joseph Cammarata and Gilbert Davis quit the Jones case, a retreat widely attributed to friction with Carpenter-McMillan's idea of how to proceed.

Susan wants to be shown the President's penis.

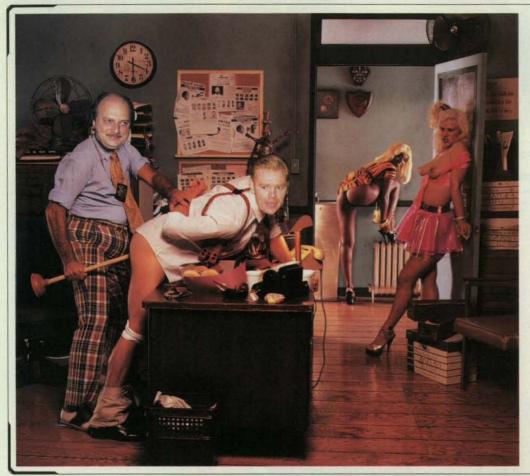
If she wants to eyeball cock, Susan should drop to her knees like any other whore. As Paula Jones's mouthpiece, why not put her tongue where it will do some good? A man, one of us, Clinton deserves a free blowjob once in a while, even if it does come from an Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

Yasmine Bleeth: Women have the right to decide what they do with their bodies, particularly when those women are brunet sexpots who run around on TV in twat-hugging swimsuits and pose in panties and bra for the cover of men's magazines. Such are the vocations of Baywatch star and soap-opera siren Yasmine Bleeth. However, when Bleeth forsakes

the titillation that provides whatever value she has in this world, saying she can no longer "take money for doing something I hate," she goes from puckered rosebud to shit-flecked Asshole. Irving Moskowitz: A millionaire

Irving Moskowitz: A millionaire in America from selling small, private hospitals to large conglomerates, this 69-year-old Miami Beach, Florida, doctor spreads good works to the Middle East. His money contributed to an archaeological project in East Jerusalem that triggered riots a year ago, killing 76 people. Now Irving buys homes in Arab areas and moves in Jews, disrupting an already unstable Israeli peace process. How do you say Asshole in Hebrew? "Irving Moskowitz."



NYPD Brown

Police officers at Brooklyn's 70th Precinct stirred up a world of shit when they arrested Abner Louima, a Haitian immigrant. He says the cops assaulted him with the handle of a toilet plunger. Too bad lil' Abner won't be able to sit down for television's revamped NYPD Blue-now more realistic than ever. In the latest episode, former star David Caruso finds his Mick ass reamed and his teeth bashed out by a plunger-wielding fatty, played by Dennis Franz. Rectum? Franz nearly killed him!

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"I don't usually like poodle, but this is gooood!"



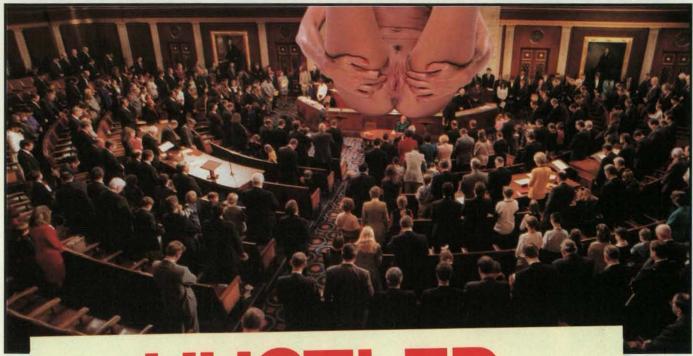


Is it HUSTLER's imagination, or did all-natural titties grow bigger way back when? Let's have a stiff one to forget, bartender—and make it a double.

A round of "Melancholy Boobies" and \$150 go out to contributor N. Ross. Send dirty photos of booze-soaked old broads to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

Mr. Flynt Goes to Washington

LARRY GIVES CONGRESS THE GIFT OF HUSTLER



HUSTLER.

November 15, 1997

Dear Representative,

Congratulations. Along with hundreds of other members of Congress, you have received a complimentary subscription to HUSTLER.

Your constituents already love HUSTLER for its humor, reviews, investigative journalism and unadulterated sex. That's why we call our publication America's Magazine.

Confidentially, many of your peers in the Senate and the House of Representatives—not to mention higher government offices—already read HUSTLER. We are happy to keep all of you up-to-date.

And the American people will be happy to know you share their taste in fine pornography.

Sincerely,

Larry C. Flynt

Editor and Publisher

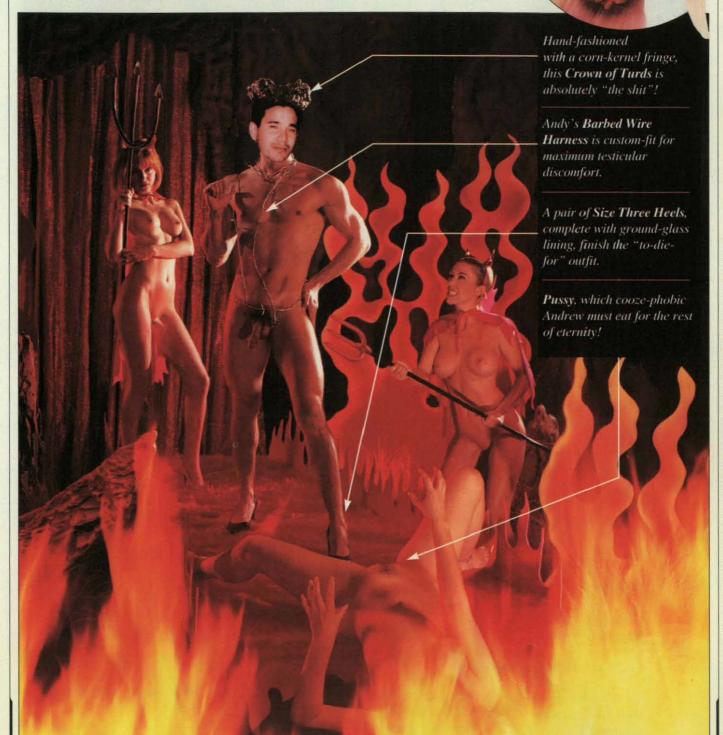
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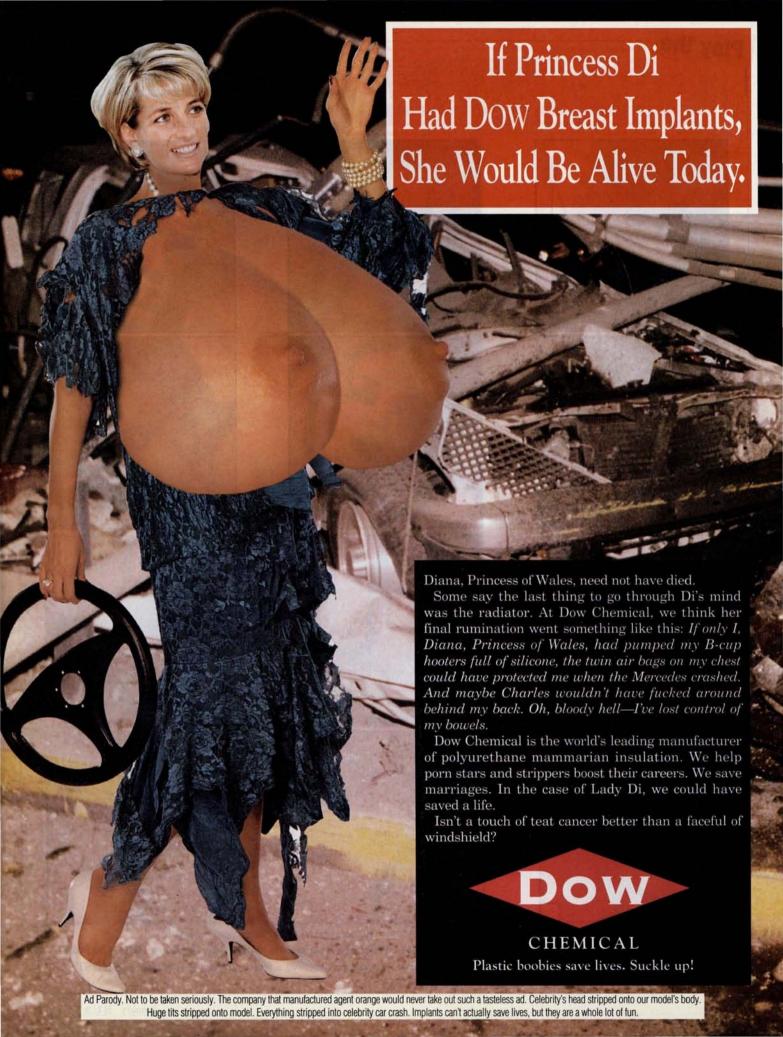
Enclosure - One (1) magazine

cc: Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Newt Gingrich; Chief Justice William Rehnquist; Justices John Paul Stevens, Sandra O'Connor, Antonin Scalia, Anthony Kennedy, David Souter, Clarence Thomas, Ruth Ginsburg and Stephen Breyer

Hot Fashions for Goddamned Fags

When a homicidal homo named Andrew Cunanan shot Gianni Versace, lovers of effeminate clothing mourned the designer's death. Cunanan ate a bullet of his own before he could suffer the wrath of Versace-clad skanks, such as Courtney Love and Prince. These women should be thrilled to learn that Gianni has designed one hell of an outfit for that ass-fucker Andrew.

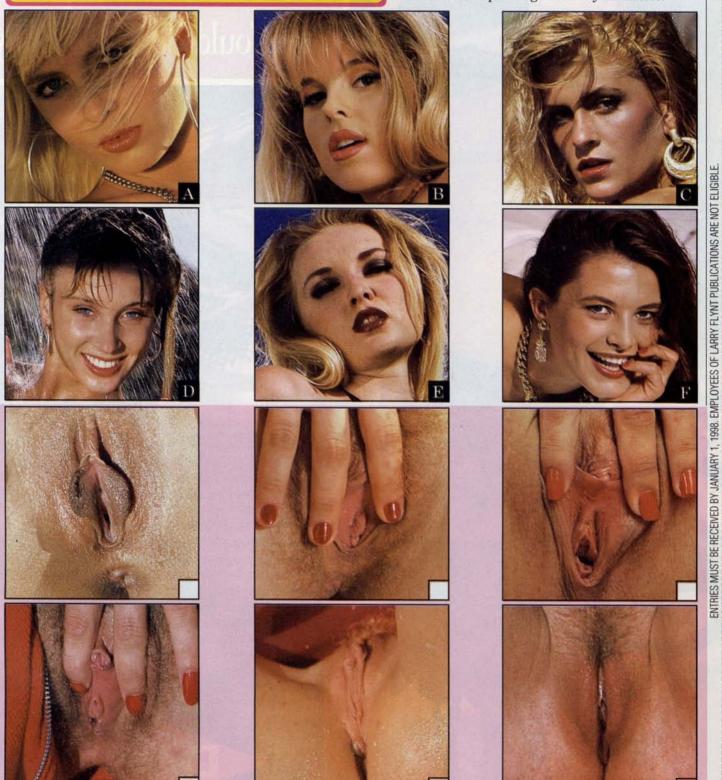




Play the

Snatch-Match Game

Okay, HUSTLER readers, the time has come to test your vaginal acumen! Can you identify which of the six sizzling snizzes below belongs to the fuck-me mug above? Fill each beaver's box with the corresponding letter of your choice.

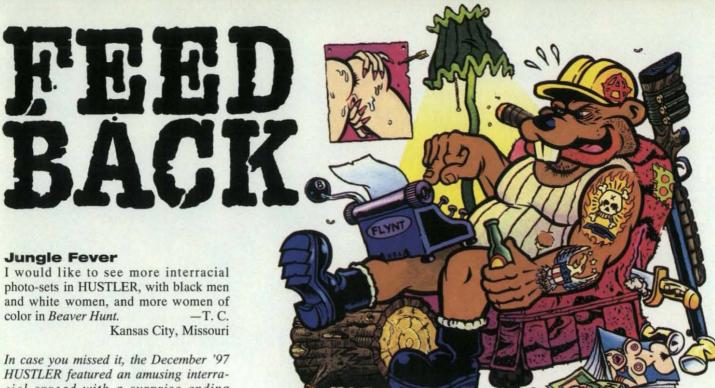


Once you've finished and toweled off, tear out the completed entry form and mail it to:

Snatch-Match Game c/o HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211

The first ten readers to correctly match all six pusses and pusses will each receive a free one-year subscription to HUSTLER.

Name that poon!



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

In case you missed it, the December '97 HUSTLER featured an amusing interracial spread with a surprise ending (Mandingo: Damned if He Do...). Check out Karl and Shondra: Shining Example on page 20 of this issue for more interracial hijinks.

A New Dimension

After years of trying, I finally became one of those people that can actually see in 3-D in those Magic Eye books! My new talent got me wondering: Why not do some kind of 3-D layout of the HUSTLER Honeys in the same fashion as those Magic Eye books? Since HUSTLER is my favorite magazine, I thought it would be neat for it to be the leader in 3-D porn!

—T. R.

St. Louis, Missouri

Thanks for the kind words and lame suggestion. Attempts in 3-D porn usually result in at least one cross-eyed reader becoming trapped in a false state of reality. Alas, T. R., there is a bright side: With all the one-dimensional bitches who infect this planet, isn't it nice to know that HUSTLER goes the extra mile to bring you that illusive second dimension?

Outdoor Cherry

I really enjoy your magazine with all the unbelievably fine outdoor and public nude layouts. I'm very much into sex and nudity in wide-open outdoor places. I'd love to ride a bike along an empty country road with nothing on but socks and sneakers. I believe nudity and the great outdoors go together, and I loved Maya: Summer of Lovin' and Tara and Molly: Mouth to Mouth (November '97). I love sex and nudity outdoors, but I'm now 42 years old

and never had sex indoors or outdoors. I can't take it anymore, nor can my cock. I'm just going to have to quit HUSTLER and all nudie magazines until I get pussy.

Brooklyn, New York

Thanks for the input—pardon the insensitive pun. If an outdoor session is a prior-



Kelly: Lady in Waiting

ity on your laundry list of sexual deviance, perhaps you should consider moving to a neighborhood more cooperative of outdoor copulation. While Brooklyn is rumored to be one of the few cities in America where a man can score just by walking outside his front door, we're quite sure open-air boffing isn't a sexual style of the borough. There is a bright side: After 42 years of virginity, you could, quite possibly, blow your first partner through the ceiling, thus fulfilling your dream of sex in the great outdoors without actually going outside.

Beaver Believer

I'm a hot, horny guy from North Carolina. I like small gals with small tits, tight asses, and good-looking girls like in the Holiday '96 installment of *Beaver Hunt* with Jerri on the red car, and Cathy from Florida (November '97) on the red mower. Do you print a special mag with beaver pictures that didn't get put in *Beaver Hunt*?

—R. J.

Wadesboro, North Carolina

For public-minded readers such as you, R. J., HUSTLER puts out <u>The Best of Beaver Hunt</u> twice a year. The next issue, which hits the newsstands November 25, will be short on cars, mowers, Zambonis and golf carts, but will feature a few dozen newly mounted (continued on page 15)

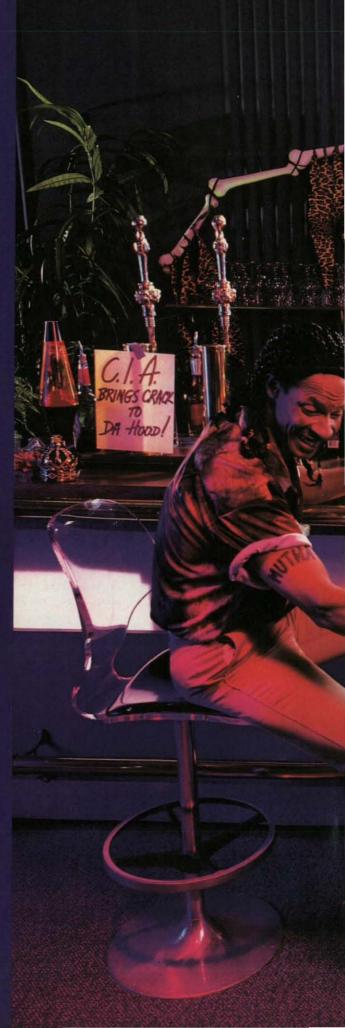
The malt-liquor swilling, bitch-slapping, gangsta rapper. The mincing, sperm-gargling hairdresser. At first glance, African-American males have little in common with gay males, except they're both minorities who object shrilly to the cartoons in HUSTLER. If only spades and gay blades realized how much America's Magazine loves them—and how much the oppressed males of melanin and cocksuckin' have in common.

THE THIN LINE BETWEEN BLACK AND GAY

Common Traits HUSTLER Loves About Negroes and Fags



- * Will not eat pussy.
- 1. Outrageous footwear.
- * Amusing to drink with.
- 2. Booty-obsessed.
- Constantly dancing.
- 3. Hairstyles as political commentary.
- * Yell funny shit at movie screens.
- 4. RuPaul.
- * Creative use of unguents (for hair and sex).
- 5. Fruity drinks.
- * Will walk 100 miles to hang out with one million men.
- 6. Fabulous conspiracy theories.
- * Keep the male-cologne industry afloat.
- 7. Take ugly white women off our hands.
- * Provide their own best parodies.
- 8. Intense relationships with their mothers
- * Heavily into Shaft.
- 9. Eddie Murphy.
- * Will not claim Michael Jackson.
- * Have brown penises.





HUSTLER Magazine Vivid Video present

TheWorld's Luckiest Man

Every man's dream...101 horny babes waiting to perform your most erotic fantasies. All you have to do is fuck them all within 24 hours!

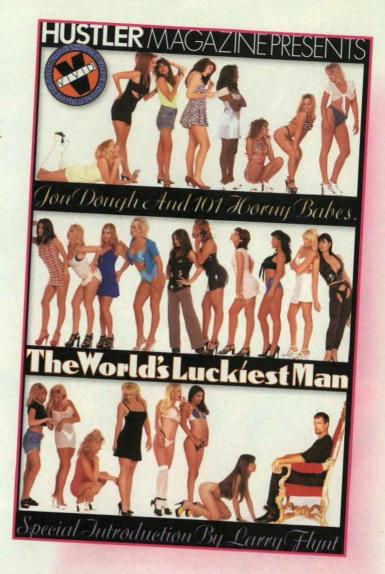
At the pool, on the tennis court or the S&M jungle gym, Jon Dough shares the dream of boning & munching 101 luscious, quivering quims.

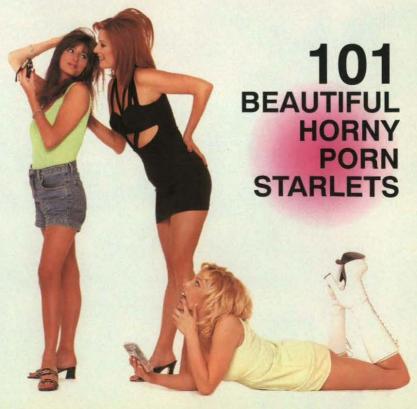
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HUSTLER, P.O. Box 17720, Beverly Hills, CA 90209





FEEDBACK

(continued from page 11)

Beavers who are long on fun and fur.

Vage Revisited

I was recently reading the September 1997 issue of HUSTLER and came across your pictorial of Chrissy (Chrissy: Saturday Night Raver). I knew I had seen this face and body before; so I dug out my collection and started looking. I opened the January '78 issue, and there as your centerfold was Chrissy. Is this the same woman or her daughter with the same name, shoes, sunglasses and socks? What's the deal here?

—G. C.

Aloha, Oregon

We admire you for putting your life on hold long enough to comb through more than 25,000 pages of HUSTLER back issues. Next time you stumble, or more likely splatter, upon a familiar face in the pages of HUSTLER, keep in mind that it's perfectly okay to jerk off to a 45-year-old woman, as long as the pictures aren't recent.

Jackie Off

It was very good of you to publish Jackie O's pictures in the November '97 issue (Bits & Pieces, "Celebrity Ass From the Past"). However, I think it would be a great idea to republish more Jackie O pictures in the future. She was HUSTLER's victory and will be again.

-R. K. Via Internet

Searching for Kelly

Kelly (Kelly: Lady in Waiting, October '97) had a spell on my mind. Now I have to go looking for Kelly. It is hard not looking into Kelly's sparkling eyes. I went and bought four more October issues. I have to find Kelly. Where do I start at? She is so beautiful. —D. A. Arlington Heights, Illinois

Oh, to be a young stalker. The road of life, D. A., has many Kellys, and the spell you are under is bound to wear off with time and therapy. In the meantime, don't tinker with your prescriptions without consulting a doctor.

HUSTLER Goes Soft

I would like to commend you on your fine publication. HUSTLER truly rules. In months past, however, HUSTLER was on the verge of going all-out hard-core. I can remember the layout of the blonde in the dentist's office getting dicked in the chair (*Dr. Eva and Frank*, Holiday '96). It was clear he was up in there. My question is, why haven't we seen more of this? The days of the little black dots are over. Let's go all-out hard-core!

−D. L. Bennettsville, South Carolina

For that unfounded jibe on HUSTLER's alleged softening, we recommend you turn to page 101 of this issue and imagine that Rosa's middle digit, the one that's lodged so nicely in her rectum, is sticking straight up and aimed in your direction. Get the message?

Bushy Beavers

I'm a subscriber to HUSTLER and will continue to be if you keep up the good work. After 12 years of reading your magazine, however, I still can't figure out why there is so much shaved pussy in the pages of HUSTLER. People who like shaved vagina are pedophilic. I think it's unattractive and unnatural. Nature didn't intend for a woman to be shaved. Why can't you include a few furry women?

-S. S. Amarillo, Texas

Your letter was a hair too early. We'll assume you've seen, and subsequently plea-

sured yourself to, <u>Jill: Jungle Bush</u> in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue. If Jill wasn't "natural" enough for your taste, we recommend switching to <u>Dog World</u> or moving to Berkeley.

Favorite Toons

I enjoy your magazine month after month. My favorites are the lesbians. Like most men, I fantasize about having a threeway. I have read HUSTLER for many years, and I read the cartoons every month. My favorites are Chester and the ones that were shown in *The People vs. Larry Flynt.* You guys are politically incorrect and proud of it.

—T. E.

Kearney, Nebraska

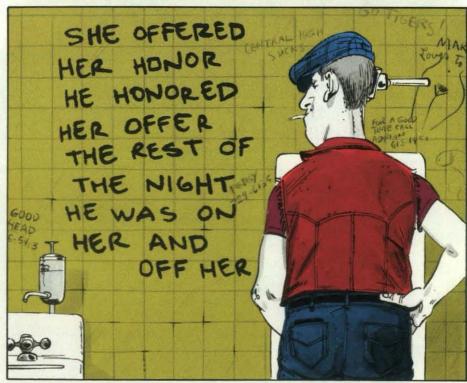
Mating Season

Why doesn't your magazine show Polaroids or pictorials of pregnant women? I would love to see at least one Polaroid a month in your *Beaver Hunt* of a pregnant woman. Please keep up the good work.

-R. L. Pendleton, Indiana

HUSTLER has no policy against pregnancy or any other biological process that results in larger breasts and squirting white fluid. Uncap your lens and (continued on page 31)

GRAFFLIMY



THANKS AND \$50 GO TO JENNY H.









800-Multiple Billing Options 011 & 268-Int'l Toll Charges Apply 900-From \$1.99 to \$3.99/min. All callers must be 18+



What does the porn-star world have against coming inside a woman's pussy or bottom? I hate all this face splashing! Don't you think it's sexy to feel your man's warmth fill you? A real oozing woman is quite sexy to see. Do you know any companies or actresses who feature this?

—L. O.

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

Here at home, the greatest orgasm I have is when I feel my partner coming inside me. However, onscreen, the money-shot is very important. The viewers at home feel cheated if they don't actually see the actor come. It's a very big fantasy, especially facial cum-shots, because it's a nasty thing some wives or lovers won't dream of doing. A few companies feature cum-shots where the male comes inside the girl, and she squirts it back out, but these are the exception rather than the norm.

POOPED POOPER

I've heard that if you receive anal sex too many times, your sphincters will permanently relax, and you won't be able to hold your shit. Is this true? Has it happened to anyone you know in the porn industry?

—E. B.

Tucson, Arizona

This is true. Through excessive anal sex, the sphincter muscles can relax and cause incontinence later in life. I personally don't know anyone who has a shit-containing problem, but I've bent over enough young women in the porn industry to see their buttholes freely fly open, and I must say, it's a bit of a turnoff. I would assume there are exercises for

sphincters, just like the Kegel exercises for vaginal muscles. Maybe you should run, not walk, to your doctor, keeping in mind that Depends are sold right next to the Kotex.

BARRED BEAVER

My wife is very gorgeous, petite and pretty, but three years ago she decided she no longer wanted or needed sex. As a 30-year-old male, this came as quite an inconvenience; however, I stayed committed, even though my penis sometimes felt like a volcano about to erupt. I eventually turned to regular masturbation to sate my hunger for sex, but that gave way to depression. I recently joined a health club and became very friendly with my 22-year-old instructor. Two weeks later, I was on her mattress, with her barking like a dog over the size of my penis. We've been having sex almost every night during the past month, and I'm wondering if I should tell my wife.

> -Anonymous Boston, Massachusetts

I think the first thing you need to do is seek professional counseling. For your wife to make this decision for herself in the middle of a marriage is a bit odd. I certainly understand your need and desire to have sex with another woman, but I wouldn't recommend telling your wife without starting counseling. You're a healthy and wonderfully endowed man; so you obviously need to have sex. Now figure out if you need your marriage.

CONVINCING CUM-SHOT

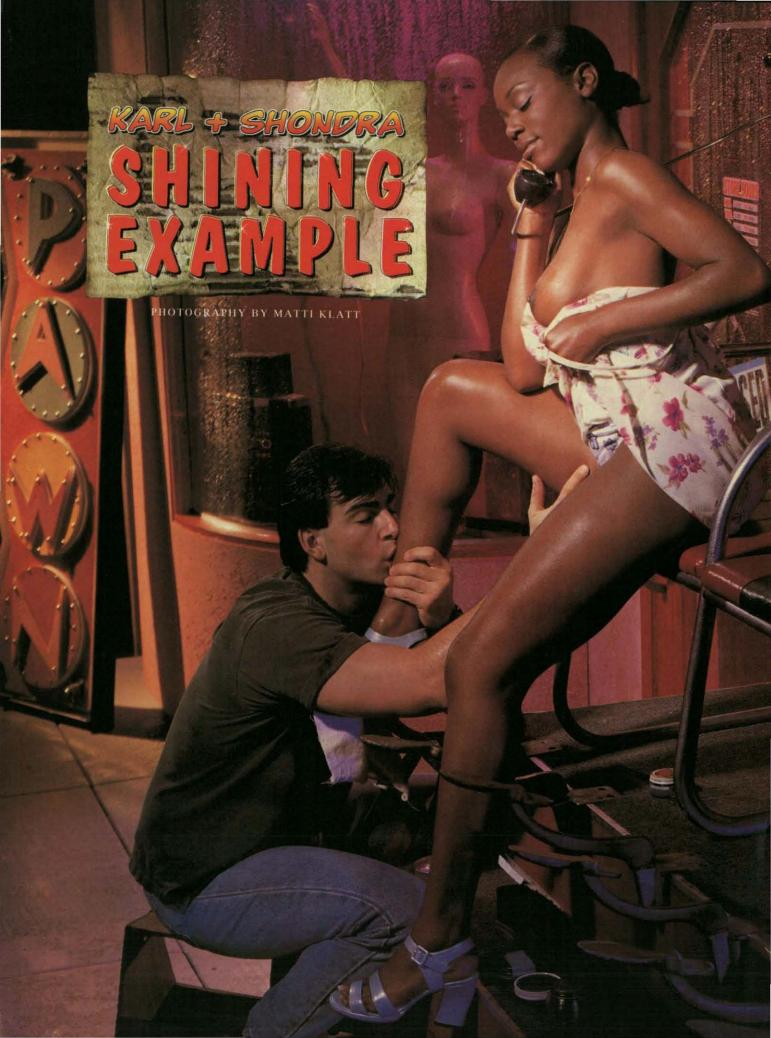
In one of your films, I think it was Buttslammers #109, you participate in a ménage à trois with two blondes. In one part of the exchange, you're wearing a strap-on and ass-fucking one of them, and it appears that you actually have an orgasm, even though my wife thinks you faked it. Could you please settle this argument.

—P. T.

Via Internet

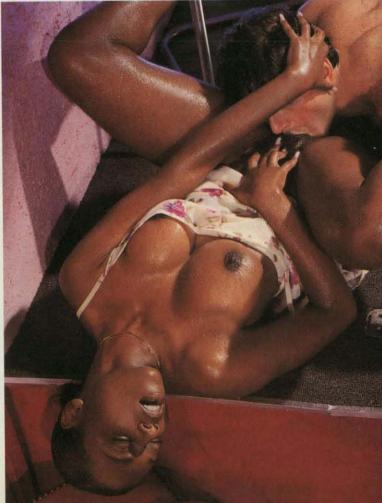
For me, onscreen performances lead to mental orgasmic explosion every time. When fucking a chick in the ass with a strap-on, there's always room for plenty of digital exploration. In general, (continued on page 29)





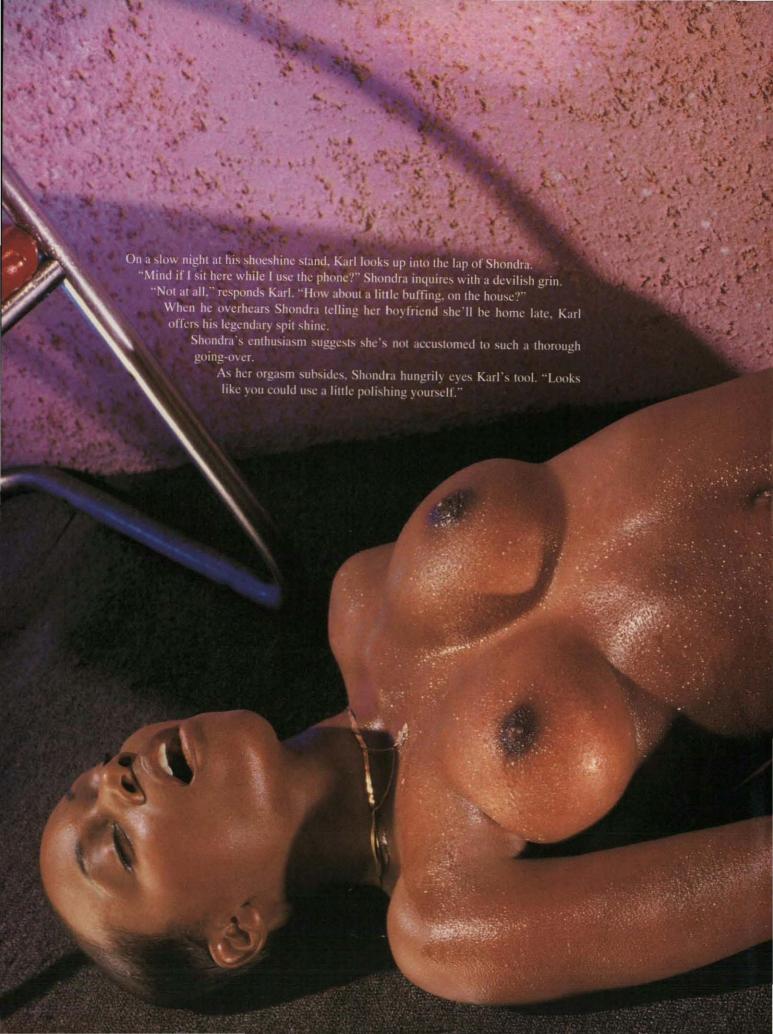






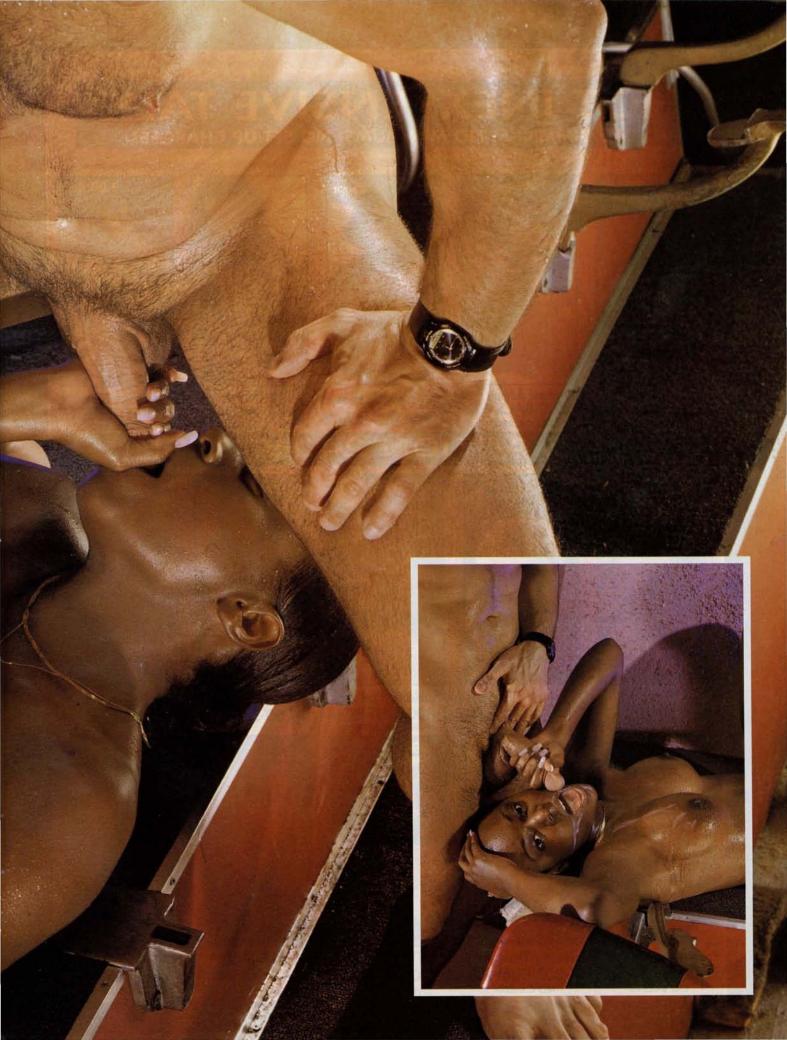












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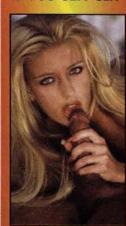
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(continued from page 18)

Dear Slut Pursuing a relationship where there is obviously a problem with jealously is your own fault. Decide what's important. You can't get involved with a man whom you think you can change.

my biggest sex organ is right between my eyes.

SECOND FIDDLE

I've been with my husband for almost ten years, and we've had a very sexually rewarding relationship. Recently, he has developed a predilection for porn movies. I'm generally open-minded, but I'm having a hard time enjoying them. Since you're one of my husband's favorite actresses, what can I do to either make him stop watching these films and start paying attention to me, or what can I do to make them more interesting?

> C.R. Olympia, Washington

First of all, in relationships, movies should be shared. If it's becoming a hindrance to you personally, maybe you can use them as foreplay. Watch them for a while as you suck his dick, but if he insists on watching the movie during your entire lovemaking, then he's not being a very sensitive lover, and you need to discuss your feelings with him. Bravo to you for being open-minded enough to consider XXX as a love-life supplement in the first place. The least your old man can do is meet you halfway and come up with a decision that works for the two of you.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

I'm a dancer in a strip club. My boyfriend, whom I've known for a long time, but have just recently started dating, wants me to quit. It's really the only thing I love doing, and I couldn't imagine any other job. How does your husband handle the fact that you're in porn? -J. L. Monrovia, California

I hear this question all the time, as does my husband. It usually starts off, "How can you let your husband do this?" or "How do you let your wife do this?" First of all, I've been in this industry for 12 years, and I've known my husband for five. If there had been any hint of a problem in the beginning, there wouldn't have been a second or third date. Pursuing a relationship where there is obviously a problem with jealously is your own fault. Decide what's important. You can't get involved with a man whom you think you can change. Don't think you can put the problem on hold until something comes up. That's just setting yourself up for disaster. If dancing is what you really love to do, then that's what you should be doing. In

the end, you will find a man who will be supportive. There are wonderfully healthy and nurturing men who have jobs and lives of their own and are secure in their relationships.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

My boyfriend has a huge, uncircumcised cock, but sometimes it tastes a bit nasty when he gets real sweaty. I told him about this once, and now he's really self-conscious about it and wants to get circumcised. We're talking about a 32year-old man here! Don't you think his reaction is a bit extreme? -D. A.

Trenton, New Jersey

Yes, his reaction is definitely extreme. Asking him to wash his cock before sex is the same as douching; body odor is very sexy, but we all have to draw the line somewhere. He's probably feeling ultraself-conscious about it now, and a few words of love in his ear should be enough to calm him down. It isn't unheard of for men in their adult years to get snipped. A very famous European porn actor, who's in his early 30s, was recently circumcised, and he found sex to be equally pleasurable before and after. Your mate probably had his ego bruised, but before you see a doctor, try including showering as a part of your foreplay, i.e., lathering each other up, masturbating with a showerhead. Turn hygiene into fun time.

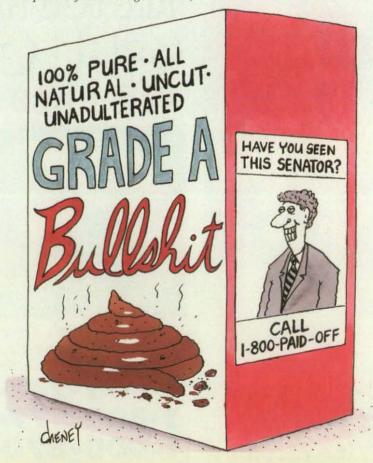
MILKING IT

My wife and I recently had a baby, and subsequently, my wife lactates. We've started to incorporate her milk into our sex lives, but now, as the baby is ready to be weaned, Mama wants to stop squirting me. How can I hold on to those big, milky breasts a few months longer?

> -M. E. Jacksonville, Florida

Guess what, baby? Your wife is not Elsie the Cow, and it's time to let her have her body back. Let go. Fortunately for you, oodles of videos out there feature milky mammaries if you still need to breast-feed.

Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com



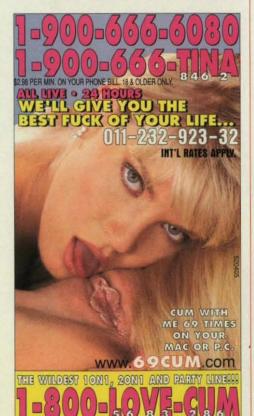












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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 15)

your jimmy and start a profitable trend and a family at the same time.

Larry Flynt: Businessman

I just wanted to send in a letter to say that I feel Larry Flynt is an ordinary person who just shares his sexual views openly. I feel the public needs to realize that the women who model for HUSTLER were not held at gunpoint. People say Larry Flynt is a pervert, but he just runs a business.

—J. B.

Dodge City, Kansas

Back Issues

Lately I have started buying your magazine again. I don't know why I stopped—a lapse in taste, perhaps? HUSTLER's great—good articles and, of course, the hottest pictorials on the stands. Since I have some catching up to do, I was wondering if you sold back issues.

—J. M.

Pembroke, Ontario

You can procure back issues by calling 815-734-1142 or by tracking down long-time reader G. C. in Aloha, Oregon.

Porn Not Sex

I buy men's magazines like HUSTLER for the female form as art. I do not buy it for the "sex" that is implied. Pornographic sex that is represented in magazines and movies is unrealistic. Ten to 15 minutes of sweat and one cum-shot is a ridiculous parody of reality. After reading the book *Multi-orgasmic Man*, by Mantak Chia and Douglas Abrams Arava, I have realized that the "actors" on film are either lousy lovers, or the film is drastically cut to fit such a format.

—I. C. Fort Spring, West Virginia

Peeing Is Fun

Great move on the peeing in the October '97 issue (Dave and Rose: Pit Stop). I am a great fan of publications that feature girls peeing, but they usually miss the boat. HUSTLER should take control of this market and do it right with your class photographers and pretty girls. —A. H. Cleveland, Ohio

Warm Regards

I have long been a reader of your magazine and have always enjoyed it very much. You give us readers what we want, and I appreciate all of the personal hardships you have endured for our pleasure and entertainment. I watched *The People vs. Larry Flynt* this evening and felt compelled to write to you and let you know how much I admire you and your approach to your magazine. It's interesting that because of the nature of your profession, most of us in the so-called mainstream cannot publicly endorse you and your magazine, even if we read it and love it. Thanks again for your profound efforts, and keep up the good work.

—J. E. Via Internet

Peeing Is Believing

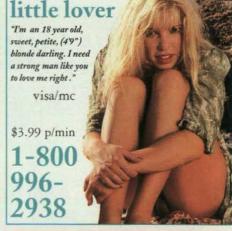
I just received my October '97 issue and

have had a hard time putting it down. Reason? The photo of Rose peeing in the *Pit Stop* pictorial is the hottest, sexiest picture I have seen in a long time. Leave it to HUSTLER to print such an erotic photo. Keep up the good work. —R. B. Reading, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



















CHINESE FLUE YEAR

I've been sticking it to this ultrahot Asian chick, Gen. She's taught me some really wild shit over the past two months—things that would blow the average HUSTLER reader's mind. For instance, you're never supposed to refer to a person of Asian descent as a chink. Even the term *gook* is considered offensive! Isn't that wild? Gen also taught me how to attach a hollowed bamboo shoot to the tongue for vaginal penetration during cunnilingus, but that's not nearly as interesting as the fact that the term *Oriental* should always refer to objects—never to people. Fascinating, huh?

Speaking of fascination, Gen is damn near obsessed with my great big, Occidental dingdong. Apparently, all the men in her Malaysian hometown had peckers the size of rice grains. In order to experience any friction, my dick-deprived, almond-eved girl trained herself to enjoy anal sex at a very early age. She used to pull her school uniform down around her ankles and bend over behind the classroom's traditional paper curtain. Students would take turns lining up to prod her rubbery butthole with pencils, chopsticks and their hairless wieners. When I asked Gen if her behavior angered the teachers, she blushed and giggled. Gen reacts that way to most of my questions; her English is pretty shabby.

Who cares how well she speaks? Her mouth is usually crammed full of my veiny boxer beef. A few nights ago, Gen wrapped her lips around my flaccid "So sorry, so sorry," Gen whimpered, falling into a submissive kneel at my feet. Boy, the last girl I dated would kick me in the nuts if I pushed her around like that. I guess that's why I have such strong feelings for Gen, who goes along with any rude, perverted, insensitive suggestion I make. That's love! Overwhelmed by emotion, I decided to grant Gen another taste of my manhood.

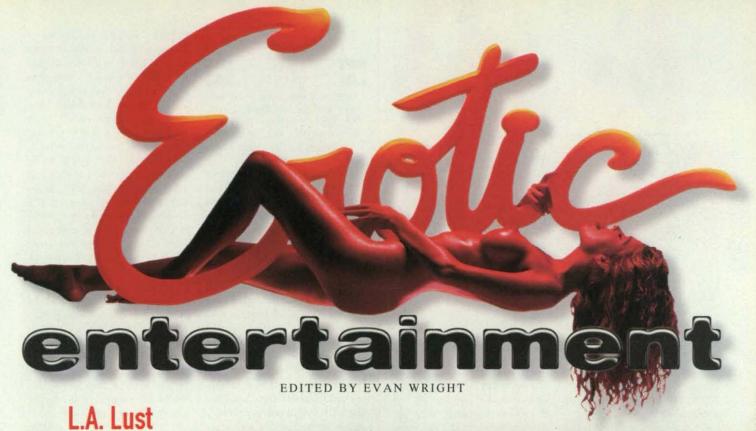
As I stood above Gen's prone form, my dangling pecker actually knocked her in the head. She glanced up with a timid, yet altogether sex-mad, smile. Soon, Gen was happily slurping away. A cute, cross-eyed expression played across her face; I've noticed she always looks that way while downing dick.

"Now," I continued, attempting to concentrate as tiny fingers tickled my heavy balls. "The Harrads are having a party, and my co-workers are meeting at Tubby's Bar. Oh, fuck, maybe we should just stay home and watch that wrinkled old hemorrhoid, Dick Clark." The words dick and hemorrhoid must have touched Gen in a special place. Her johnson-bobbing visage took on the same leer she adopts to recount youthful tales of sodomy.

She spat out my member and gasped, "We stay home! You pokey-pokey honorable poop chute." Translation: Gen wants a stiff one in the ass when the ball drops. Admittedly, the idea sounded (continued on page 43)







FULLY ERECT

Directed by Veronica Hart; starring Helen Duval, Lea Martini, Liza Harper, Sofia Ferrari, Stacy Valentine, Anita Blond, Nyrobi Knight, Mark Davis and Mr. Marcus. Videocassette: VCA.

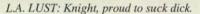
In L.A. Lust, Lea Martini and Teutonic übe. slut Helen Duval are perfectly cast as ny phomaniac fuck bitches on a nonstop sex tour of the city. The opening scene is a nutchurning swirl of blond-minx faces bouncing over ball sacs, pulpy, pink mounds being split by hard-pumping putzes and satin-skinned rumps jiggling to the hump rhythm set by a pair of lucky horndogs. Next stop is a public toilet, where Gallic gonadguzzler Liza Harper lewdly straddles the can, showing off a juicy brunet twat while blowing a dude who comes in his hand and smears the viscous mess across her taut belly. The director's eye for prurient details-the erect nipple pressed into glistening cunt crease during a lesbian lick-off, Mr. Marcus's jumbo prong piling into golden snatch fuzz in the backseat of a taxi, multiple loads of spunk decorating a wanton's kisser at the climax of a nightclub gang-bang-ensure the viewer's fist pumps from start to finish. L.A. Lust is an express ticket to sticky fingers. - Mack Assarian



L.A. LUST: Martini and Duval grind groins.











L.A. LUST: Martini's penetrating gaze.



Vice Cops Squash Big-Bust Fund-Raiser for Children

This past August, Big Top Video and Internet sex entrepreneur Danni Ashe thought they'd come up with a great idea: Use big-bust strippers and porn stars as cash cows to raise money for a children's charity.

The fund-raiser, scheduled to take place on August 21 at the Palace Theater in Hollywood, California, was to feature exotic dancing from such humongous talents as Kayla Cleavage, Penelope Pumpkins and Busty Dusty. As many as 1,000 fans were expected to shell out the \$100-per-ticket entrance fee.

According to event organizer Danni Ashe, bighearted dancers and porn stars planned to "auction themselves off for dream dates" to the highest bidder.

All proceeds were to be donated to Children of the Night, a charity dedicated to preventing the "exploitation of children in prostitution and pornography."

Ashe claims that days before the event was scheduled to go on, female members of the LAPD vice squad threatened to raid the charity strip show if it were held. Not even Ashe's solemn word that all strippers would wear pasties and bikinis could dissuade the police from allegedly threatening a big bust. The Palace Theater backed out, and Ashe was forced to relocate to a much smaller venue.

The LAPD could not be reached for comment, but a spokeswoman for Children of the Night expressed disappointment that the police allegedly curtailed the charity drive.

"Children of the Night is not in any way associated with the adult industry," stated the spokeswoman, "but Dr. Lois Lee [Children of the Night founder and a 1984 recipient of President Ronald Reagan's Volunteer Action Award] needs money to help

the kids. It's okay with us if adult strippers want to go out and dance in order to raise contributions."

Undaunted by the threat of arrest, a slimmed-down charity drive was held at a Hollywood restaurant, which Ashe estimates helped raise \$20,000 for the children's charity.

"There were still about 100 fans who showed up," states 65FFF-size participant Europe Dashon, "and by the end of the night, our eyes certainly hurt from all their camera flashbulbs, and I'm sure their eyes hurt from taking in the sight of all our big boobs."



Danni Ashe, DDD do-gooder.
Bighearted babes.



Cunt Hunt

•

HALF ERECT



Directed by Alex Sanders; starring Chandler, Ruby, Holli Woods, Azazell Star, Alyssa Love, Haley Lynn, Holly, Randi Rage, Mila, and Alex Sanders. Videocassette: Sin City Entertainment.

In a film genre whose proven success formula entails little more than a room, a guy, a girl and a camera, with the first two being optional, directors such as Alex Sanders can make Cunt Hunt with little or no creative effort and walk away with a glimmer of pride. Fortunately. the purist comes through with a watchable band of beavers who distract from the glaringly unoriginal setup: I have a vision ... a HOTEL ROOM and not one, but TWO girls. The sex, fortunately, has its moments. The teardropbootied Chandler cups Sanders's satchel between her paws like a caught squirrel as Alex fucks her pretty-girl face. Then he flips her over and stretches her legs in a 110-degree angle as he pounds her innards as if trying to dislodge a kidney stone. Alex's chiseled torso legitimizes Cunt Hunt as family entertainment. provided the family doesn't include children. Nothing we haven't seen before, but nothing we patently object to stroking ourselves off to again. And again. And maybe even once more before work.

-Steve Slauson

Frank Thring's Double Anal Club



HALF ERECT



Directed by Frank Thring; starring Sylvia Saint, Katy, Nicolette, Kirsten and uncredited dudes. Videocassette: Xplor Media.

Are two dicks better than one? The makers of *Double Anal Club* think they are, especially when both puds are squeezed together in a slut's turd pipe. Buddies who enjoy the mutual gratification of rubbing prong heads together are usually called fags, but whacking off to the ecstatically agonized faces of

skanks enjoying the rigors of double butt-fuck penetration can be a rewarding heterosexual pastime. The first beauty ravaged in Double Anal Club is a wiggly Italian puta with hard-ball wobblies and an extra-sparkly smile as a result of a crooked front tooth that sticks out like a dog's. Dog Tooth hikes her skirt to reveal a deep trench of pink and a set of sphincters about to be increased a couple of sizes. The double pistoning of her shithole is a prolonged affair, conducted from a variety of excruciating angles. Outdoor European locales predominate in successive scenes that employ the asshole talents of two satiny blondes and one absolute porker who probably thinks she can get away with being so fat because her all-natural floppers are the size of flotation bridge pontoons. Membership in Double Anal Club requires a strong fist and an even stronger stomach.

-M. A.

Video Virgins #35



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by I. Didditt; starring Shay Sweet, Katie Gold, Coral Sands, Stephanie Swift, Nikki Neals, Randee Lee, Timber, J. J. Michaels, John West and Billy Glide. Videocassette: New Sensations.

The word Virgin as used to describe the cast of Video Virgins #35 is a stretch. The word stretched to describe the entry wounds that pass for vaginas in this New Sensations release is an understatement. False advertising aside, this effort belies a vague element of filth in its interviewthen-fuck format-a classic approach to the art that fails miserably in the hands of director I. Didditt. Coupled with camera work that is nauseatingly similar to an MTV news feature, the skanks come across with less sexual appeal than their festering body piercings and regrettable tattoos. Taken as a whole, Video Virgins is a low-budget reminder of an age-old porn paradox: Cute smut girls seldom have a desire to be fuck pigs, and dick-bouncing splooge garglers often have sowlike characteristics that cannot be saved by a camera.



CUNT HUNT: Rage smiles for the camera.

rewpoint

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Directed by Judy Blue;

starring Chasey Lain, Kirsty Waay,

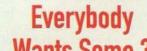
Monique DeMoan, Julie Rage, Bret

Singer, Michael J. Cox, Bobby Vitale

and Vince Vouyer.

Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on film.

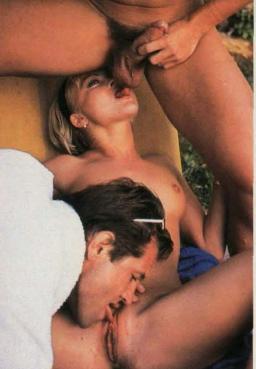
Irritation with the lousy story







Anyone who has written off



DOUBLE ANAL CLUB: Putzes descend on Nicolette,



VIDEO VIRGINS: Randee Lee, virgin slut.

and stupid acting in Viewpoint is almost forgotten when all-American slut Kirsty Waay spreads her meaty thighs and drills her fingers into her velvet wedge, warming herself for a genital coupling with Bobby Vitale that ends with his meat pole sinking deeply into her clenching shit valve. But criticisms remain. Film quality is marred by a faded, washed-out look that obscures the majesty of box-cover star Chasey Lain's arrival in full balloon-chested splendor. Lain combines a bewitchingly sweet pixie face, saline-engorged whoppers, bubblegum coochie and a predatory, feline grace as she consumes choad with a tiny yet voracious pussy. How disappointing when her reward for ten minutes of whiplash cocksucking, humping and ball licking is a pathetic, barely visible dribble of spunk from a sorry-ass stud's sadly deflated balls. Viewpoint is out of focus.





all-girl lesbo fuckfests for their lack of penetration hasn't seen Chrissy methodically stab her gaping trench with a dripping, 14-inch dildo in the final scene of Everybody Wants Some 3. Pound for pound, the 15-girl cast takes enough glass, plastic, rubber, stainless steel and latex into their hungry orifices to leave any proponent of penile penetration agape at the cargo space that is cooch. The human and nonhuman fluid that leaks onto the floor would disgust Gallagher himself. Bionca's nononsense approach to twat toying is a refreshing break from the lollygagging films of similar stripe. The coin footed on phallic substitutes and gallons of lubricant was money well spent, as is the price of admission to Everybody Wants Some.



VIEWPOINT: Knocking on DeMoan's back door.



EVERYBODY WANTS SOME: Stuffing Black's pie with plastic filling.



obtain a wide variety of offbeat beat-off videos, thanks to a huge number of perverts in Asia who have access to video cams.

One of the best sources of Oriental filth is Astral-Ocean Cinema, an American raunch distributor that pillages the global village in search of the extreme, the unusual and the sick.

Japan proves an excellent source for all of the above.

The hallmarks of Japanese XXX are girls in sailor suits, insane plots, vicious S&M and absurd censorship rules that mandate all genitalia be covered or digitally warped out of focus.

A typical Japanese adult offering from Astral-Ocean begins with three narrow-eyed tarts in school uniforms screaming at one another in their native gibberish (no dubbing or subtitles in most imports), beating the shit out of one another and mangling the wobblies of a pinned-down chick. One school-uniformed girl cruelly steps on her girlfriend's vulva with the heel of her penny loafers.

There is hard-core sex (performed by Japanese dudes with spastic grimaces and rice rockets the size of microsurgery instruments), cheesy special effects that recall the glory days of Japanese monster movies and frequent scenes of rape perpetrated against squealing (legal age) teenagers by plastic-tentacled monsters.

Several films sold by Astral-Ocean that are labeled as Japanese clearly hail from more squalid and crowded parts of the Orient. *Tora Sex Frenzy Pinoy*, billed as Nipponese, presents skanky, yeast-infected Filipinas smoking cigarettes with cunt lips and shoving beer bottles

and rotten bananas up their twats against backdrops of grim-looking Philippine flophouses.

Other abominations of erotica include hard-core Chinese ghost stories, kimono bondage, oral kung fu, tattooed Asian flowers, Malaysian virgins "killed" by violent aborigines, and X-rated animation.

The Asian imports offer plenty of fistable material, and viewing the Japanese products, with their evident cultural predilection for inflicting bizarre acts of sadism, should make all Americans grateful that the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki resulted in total defeat for the sneak-attacking enemy.

Those who are 21 or over may obtain an illustrated Astral-Ocean Cinema catalog by phoning 818-886-1569. Cost of the catalog is \$4.



Masako, from <u>Asian Delight</u>. Fumi, from <u>University Girls</u>.



Ben Dover's Hot New Spice Girls



HALF ERECT



Directed by Ben Dover; starring Monique Covet, Vivienne, Sasha, Sam Pascal, Super Mario and Ben Dover, Videocassette: VCA.

Monique Covet is a hazeleved, platinum-haired lioness captured in an old-world hotel at the start of Hot Spice Girls. Covet, as well as the viewer, is forced to endure several minutes of Ben Dover's cheery English palaver, riddled with giddy outbursts about Covet's lovely "knickers," Turn down the volume, and the experience improves as Dover peels off those black-lace knickers of Covet's, perversely crams them into her gash and yanks them out. In addition to her talent for cunt tricks, Covet's pluscious curves-tits like atomic grapefruits, ass cheeks like chunks of heaven-radiate blinding carnal heat, but at times it seems as if a blind man is at the controls of the video cam. Swirling angles, disjointed views and close-ups that fuzz out of focus destroy the excellent keister-holing that might have been. Hot Spice Girls is lukewarm. -M.A.

Rodney Blasts the Stars



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Shanna McCullough, Christi Lake, Lovette, Shawna Edwards, Nadia Nyce, Lynx Dyan, Lil' Lee, Ashley Shye, K. C., Kennedy, and Wolf Savage. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

In Rodney Blasts the Stars, the King of Cream all but drowns nine helpless blast victims, who, aside from their insatiable lust for dick snot and crafty workmanship in extracting the leadheavy loads, bring minimal aesthetic niceties to the screen. Apparently, this is by design. Rodney's dick drownings of these aging talents is for the higher purpose of winning the endorsement—and subsequent blueballed baptism—of big-time

porn cow Lovette. The road to celebrity certainly has its moments, particularly when Lil' Lee, Ashley Shye and K. C. deep-throat Wolf's mulatto member before recycling his penis pudding like a sticky bong load. The split-screen editing quells the sexual monotony that would cripple a lesser production and rightly redeems Rodney for his questionable selection of blast bubblers. Polished camera work, refined editing and digital "Rodnievision" make Rodney Blasts the Stars a blast and a half. -S. S.

Home Grown Video Volume 471



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by various amateurs; starring Panda, Phil, Carrie, Phoebe, Rachel, Shawnee G., Jeana and Josh. Videocassette: Xplor Media.

Home Grown Video 471 comes from one of the few truly amateur lines available today. The manufacturer buys homemade loops from actual freaks, perverts and swinging couples hailing from across the USA. The caliber of cunt is decent. Panda, a passably cute amateur slut with full, swinging udders and a dark, hairy bush demonstrates fellatio techniques on her partner, a laconic schlub who busts his nut on her chin; Phoebe, a redhead with carnival-sideshow-size kasabas, looks suspiciously like seasoned porn pro Meesha Lynn, but she mutes any complaints about pros muscling in on the bush leagues the moment her tongue slides into the furry rump cleft of a girlfriend as a prelude to strap-on penetration; freak beauty Shawnee G.'s home-video project centers on the insertion of an icicle into her cunt; and the final scene has a couple attempting a complicated piledriver maneuver in which the male inserts digits into the female's brown winker while jabbing mouth and slit with alternating thrusts of his putz. Home Grown proves that America is full of fuckers. -M. A.



HOT SPICE GIRLS: Covet spreads her smile.





Directed by Brad Armstrong; starring Jenna Jameson, Laure Sainclair, Jill Kelly, Nici Sterling, Jeanna Fine, Sindee Coxx, Midori, Vince Vouyer, Brad Armstrong, Eric Price, Mark Davis, Peter North, Jake Steed, Mike Horner, Steve Drake and E. Z. Ryder. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

High-dollar sci-fi Wicked Weapon, for all its compelling sets and costumes, could have demonstrated an equally effective use of budget if Jeanna Fine had butt-fucked herself with a cow-size roll of hundreds while deep-throating a roll of Susan B. Anthony dollars. Unfortunately, the film has a "plot." Jenna Jameson, a news reporter turned leather-biker-chick vigilante, must protect the planet from the menacing Generator. The rivalry eventually leads to a showdown to save the world from being frozen, with a few strategic reamings along the way, as well as an impressive dildo duel between Jenna and Jill Kelly. Outside of the sex, the ambitious editing and effects fall glaringly flat and succeed only in insulting Wicked's hairy-palmed audience. -S. S.



HOME GROWN: Phoebe joins loins with Rachel.



RODNEY BLASTS THE STARS: Lovette, butt-fucked.



WICKED WEAPON: Drake and Vouyer buddy up on Sainclair.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Ĵ

ULLY ERECT

The Adventures of Peeping Tom 6 (Odyssey Group Video) Toni James, Liza Harper, Peter North

Blue Dahlia (Cal Vista Pictures) Misty Rain, Shyla Foxox, Tommy Gunn

Creme de la Face #18 (Odyssey Group Video)
Delphine, Sunny Day, Rodney Moore

Shane's World Volume 6: Slumber Party (Odyssey Group Video) Jade, Honey, Shane

Surrender (Skintight/Apex) Chloe, Missy, Mickey G.



Beyond Reality 4: Anal Potion (Exquisite Pleasures) Missy, Chloe, Byron Long

Joannie Pneumatic (Hip Video) Tatiana, Selena, Steve Drake

Max 14 (Filmwest/Legend) Kimi Ji, Amber, Max Hardcore

Profiles 10 (Xplor Media) Elska, Anita Dark, Anita Blonde

Smoke and Mirrors (Pleasure Films) Lexi Eriksson, Mickey Lynn, Frank Towers

Whore D'erves (Outlaw Productions) Laura Palmer, Caressa Savage, Ciera Brooks



Creatures of the Night (Wicked Pictures)
Anna Malle, Alexandra Silk, John Decker

Enchanted (Wicked Pictures)
Serenity, Chloe, Tom Byron

Everybody Wants Some Bionca Style (Exquisite Pleasures) Felecia, Chandler, Candy Vegas

Gigolo (Sin City)
Shanna McCullough, Rebecca Lord, Peter North

Piece of Ass (Metro Inc)
Candy Apples, Angel Hart, Steve Hatcher

Shane's World 7 (Odyssey Group Video) Shane, Yvonne, Billy Glide

Sugardaddy Number 7 (Xplor Media) Shanna McCullough, Pandora, Dave Cummings

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Fetish (Sin City) Rocki Roads, Raven McCall, Valentino

The Gift (Femme Productions)
Shanna McCullough, Micki Lynn, Mark Davis

Net Dreams (Arrow Productions) Roxanne Hall, Nikki Sinn, Ariel

Pussyman Takes Hollywood (Odyssey) Caressa Savage, Summer Knight, Nick East

Raw Footage (VCA) Kelly O'Dell, Nico Treasures, Alex Sanders

The Right Connection (VCA) Misty Rain, Ariana, Vince Vouyer

TOTALLY

Stardust 4 (Vivid Video)
Kobe Tai, Jen Teal, Alex Sanders

Totally Depraved 2 (Sin City) Sindee Coxx, Mila, Mr. Marcus

Misty Cam's Birthday Party

TOTALLY LIMP

Directed by Misty Rain; starring Misty Rain, Julie Rage, Stacy Valentine, Christi Lake, Caressa Savage, Krista Maze, Felecia, Toni O'Brian, John Player, Eric Apachee, Chad Thomas, Colt Steele, Ian Daniels and Nick East. Videocassette: Metro Inc.

Misty Cam's Birthday Party sucks donkey dicks, and if you aren't one of the bitter, beerfaced bitches on the guest list, your lesion-free genitalia should thank you. Ostensibly, two hours of tactless dyking and awkward dicking would provoke some sort of erectile response. After all, these dozen or so liquored-up tramps are naked and performing a vague parody of group sex. The reality of this poorly lit, poorly edited tragedy of errors is that these self-absorbed cunts can't lick ball one without giggling and slurring some inaudible commentary over a painfully Caucasian soundtrack. Misty's hosting efforts-butt-slammed by Colt Steele and accepting an arsenal of sticky streamers on her contorted mug-narrowly offset the shaky camera work and endless showboating of her obnoxious cast of screaming ventas. Birthday Party is a bust that should have been busted.

-S. S.

Interracial Virgins #2

F)

HALF ERECT

Directed by I. Didditt; starring Bella Donna, Vivienne, Erika Lockett, P. J. Sommers, Toni James, Vanessa, Camille, Mr. Marcus and Jake Steed. Videocassette: New Sensations.

While PC politicos in Washington debate a Presidential apology for the legacy of slavery, the white bitches of porn get down to business in *Interracial Virgins* #2, offering the soothing clench of pink pussy lips to long-oppressed black members.



MISTY CAM'S BIRTHDAY: Rain shares party favors.

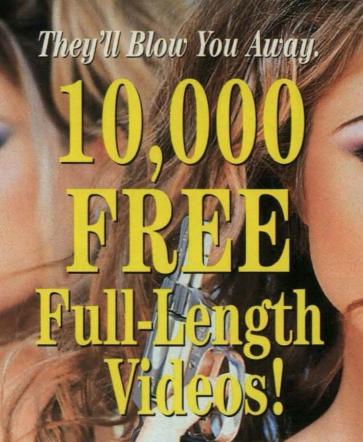


INTERRACIAL VIRGINS: Twin twats Vanessa and Camille.

Virgins? Whitey pulled a fast one naming this series Virgins, but Mr. Marcus wastes no time protesting the injustice as he crimps his large black hand on the back of Erika's blond head to better guide her mouth over his ebony log, before prying open her tang and dumping a load on her kisser. Such scenes of racial harmony abound, but the most memorable moments come from performances by Vanessa and

Camille. Twins offer the unique advantage of being twice as cute or twice as ugly, and twin sisters Vanessa and Camille are a little of both. The sight of their identical snatches, titties and dickswilling mouths being sampled by Mr. Marcus's everlast hard-on will increase the speed of the viewer's hand, as well as his envy. Interracial Virgins incites occasional uprisings of spunk.

-M.A.



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Hot Letters Gross, wet sounds erupted as I quickly pulled out of Gen's cunny, only to jab her sphincters. Forcing open both holes at the same time and watching the resulting dilation gets me hot.

more appealing than being rammed from behind by a drunk driver on the freeway. I lifted Gen to her feet, ripped her pants off and spanked her bottom as a subtle suggestion of my preference for the evening.

The New Year's fuckfest started with a little deep-sea diving for Gen's deliciously raw mushu pork. My tongue swirled through her trimmed patch of midnight pubes, then ducked into the sticky, pink slit.

Meanwhile, in New York City, a moronic rock band took to the stage; their obnoxious racket blared from my television's speaker, along with Dick Clark's senile ramblings. Thank Confucius, Gen's moans of ecstasy became loud enough to drown such idiocy. I swear, a compilation of her orgasmic grunts would sell a lot more copies than any grunge or techno bullshit.

"Use fingers," begged Gen in raspy, basic English. Her wishes were granted with a wad of spit and three wriggling digits. That really set Gen's loins on fire; it was difficult to keep my lips locked on her clit as her abdomen bucked. On our first date. Gen told me about her threeway involving a college dormmate and an electric eel. Supposedly, the sensations were so powerful, Gen threw her back out. I intended to outdo the slippery, fishy bastard with cunnilingual know-how. Labe swabs were the order of the day; I licked a vertical path and enjoyed the resulting pussy tremors.

Every once in a while, my tongue also paid visits to the brown, tight hole that lay centimeters below. Saliva is the only lube Gen and I like to use. Otherwise, our genitals taste like shit for the inevitable, post-fuck, 69-position cleanup. After nearly half an hour of munching Gen's Oriental rug, she was practically screaming for penetration of the penile variety.

I flipped Gen onto all fours and scrambled to mount while the poontang was hot. Unfortunately, doing it doggy-style gave me a clear view of Dick Clark and his effeminate, pursed lips.

Jesus, I silently pondered. His face looks like a cunt. A cunt with a giant, incredibly phony merkin on top. Never before had I experienced such disturbing ruminations while preparing to tear up Gen's womb. I tried to reach for the remote control, but Gen couldn't wait another second. She wagged her golden tail and vaginally swallowed my hard-on. All thoughts of aging celebrities flew from my head in a carnal frenzy.

"You got it, baby," I whispered.

"Move that shit. Nobody in the United States knows how to move the way you do." Sweet talk brings out the best in Gen. Displays of amazing muscle control below the waist are her specialty; in mere moments, she managed to unleash the entire repertoire. Squeezing, slapping and choking my blood sausage with her sugar walls, Gen put on a performance I'll never forget. If that one, hot fuck is an indicator of things to come in 1998, I should be happy as a potbellied pig in shit.

Although her clam is heaven on Earth, Gen gets impatient if I stay there too long. Her sexual philosophy can best be summarized as: a little from column A, a little from column B. Column A, for those who can't figure it out, stands for anal. I popped the head of my python back and forth between her sopping slice and eager rectum. Gross, wet sounds erupted as I quickly pulled out of Gen's cunny, only to jab her sphincters. Forcing open both holes at the same time and watching the resulting dilation gets me hot.

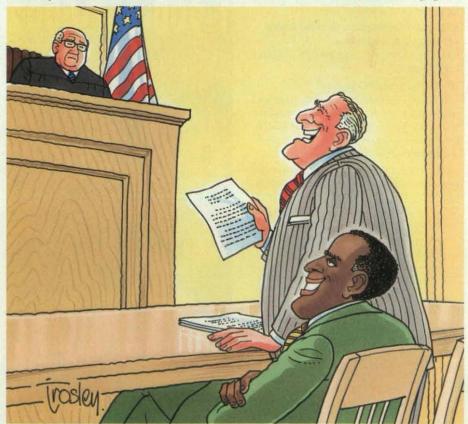
Gen liked the dual dicking enough to stab herself again and again on my hairy hari-kari sword. What a rhythm we had going; the music of an overweight rap star may have been on the television, but I prefer to think Gen and I schtupped to the beat of our own horny drummer.

Eventually, Gen reached back to further spread her seat meat, crying, "Deep in butt." Her climax must have been just around the corner; Gen prefers to ride out orgasms manually, with a rigid rod in the can. Brutal thrusts of my pride threatened to demolish Gen's asshole. She screamed at the top of her lungs, diddling her love button until exquisite spasms engulfed her colon.

"Aiiiiieee," squealed Gen. "I come! I come! I come!" For added oomph, I clutched her rump with the tightest grip possible and reamed the twitching shitter. The painful bliss was too much for Gen to take; she collapsed on the floor and forced my tainted shank from her bowels.

There's not much Gen enjoys more than to puff a peter immediately upon withdrawal from her anus. Seeing that I had yet to bust a nut, she dove for my steaming stool pusher. By that time, it was too late; the New Year's countdown had begun, and Dick Clark would not leave the television screen. Gen gorged on my gourd into the wee hours, but I simply couldn't drop my load. All I could see was that other fucking Dick,

(continued on page 46)



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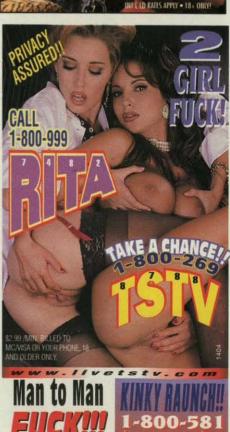
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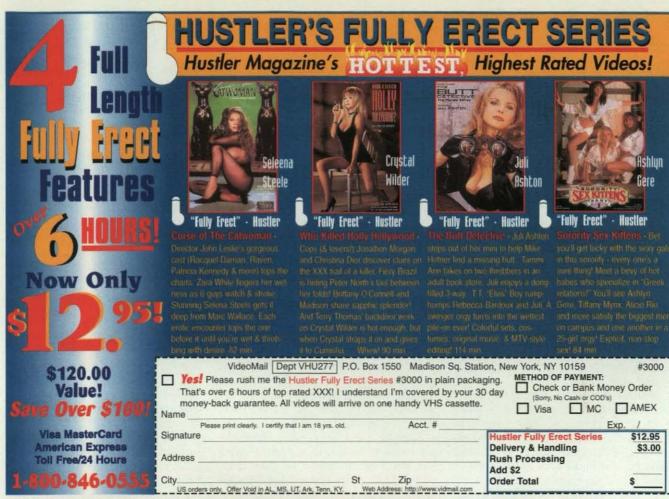






















Hot Letters The cue ball was within reach; so I rubbed it on my clitoris. Mac's eyebrows rose; he clumsily grabbed for the eight ball and—I think, I'm not sure—may have shoved it up his ass.

and he made me go limp.

Sure, Gen shed a few tears assuming her oral services were no longer satisfactory. And the next day, on January 1, 1998, she attempted to commit suicide in the bathtub. I kicked the door down and spewed scum into Gen's esophagus. Now she wants to live for an entire cocksucking, pussy-chewing, ass-reaming year. And how was your New Year's Eve? -K. T.

Westover, Maryland

WHOROSCOPE

Scorpio is the astrological sign of the crab. Does that mean I'm a crabby bitch? Absolutely not; most guys tell me I'm the most easygoing woman they ever dragged home from the corner tavern. I did, however, suffer from crab lice for several months during the Reagan Administration.

While I don't possess a veritable ant farm in my muff these days, I do share many of the classic Scorpio characteristics. I am emotional, affectionate and demanding. In other words, I love to suck cock, but the lucky stiff had better lick my slimy sloop immediately afterward. Like others born between October 23 and November 21, I am utterly unpredictable; sometimes, in the middle of getting porked, I'll begin to sing show tunes at the top of my lungs! Andrew Lloyd Webber may make a heterosexual male's dingy wilt, but if I'm in the mood for a Cats selection, I won't hesitate to belt a number.

You can probably tell I'm a true slut who knows her zodiac. Imagine my dismay when I stopped by the supermarket for this week's edition of Star Book Predictions and read the following: "No good fuck for several days." I nearly shit my red-satin panties! Several could mean as many as three, four or an unthinkable five days without cock. Something had to be done before my vage died of neglect.

The solution could be found at the aforementioned tavern, and it would be a white, pasty, salty solution, dripping down my thighs and sprayed all over my chest. I planned to initiate a pool-table gang-bang, offering myself as the exceedingly willing bangee. Hell, it worked the other times I felt like getting lucky with every mook in the joint.

Tonight, a unique problem arose: Nobody was at the bar. Only Mac, a corpulent, white-haired rummy, sat alone in the corner. Mac carries a stench that could kill small children. I felt I had no choice but to hold my nose and turn on the charm.

"Hey, good-lookin'," I vamped, struggling not to inhale. I slid into Mac's booth and ran a curious hand up his blubbery thigh. His response was something incomprehensible. Cutting through Mac's alcohol haze to suggest a roll among the billiards was not an easy task. A beer bottle employed in a very personal manner finally did the trick.

Mac dropped his stained trousers, revealing an overgrown forest of snowy pubic hair. A mighty oak grew among those wilds; it was ten inches long and growing harder by the second. If only the unveiling of this impressive wang didn't have to be accompanied by a waft of foul air! Regardless, I flopped onto the pool table with the intention of getting a few balls in my pocket. Aroma was not an issue. I reached for Mac's girth and helped guide the shaft to my oozing twat. God knows, he was too drunk to stick it in by himself.

"Kerruble muh fummle bugguh," Mac drooled. Believe it or not, he almost sounded passionate. Anything sounds passionate when a freakishly large penis has invaded your womanly goods. I pulled myself closer to Mac's jiggling belly and writhed under his halfhearted attempts to gyrate.

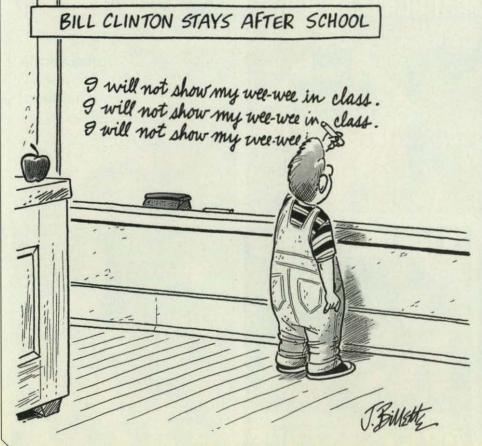
"Stop moving that way," I urged. "I'm afraid you'll get sick and throw up." Sparing me a chunky shower, Mac obeyed. Since he stood so still, I could ride that booze-sotted bomber as if it were a human dildo. My nether regions swiveled and rocked uncontrollably.

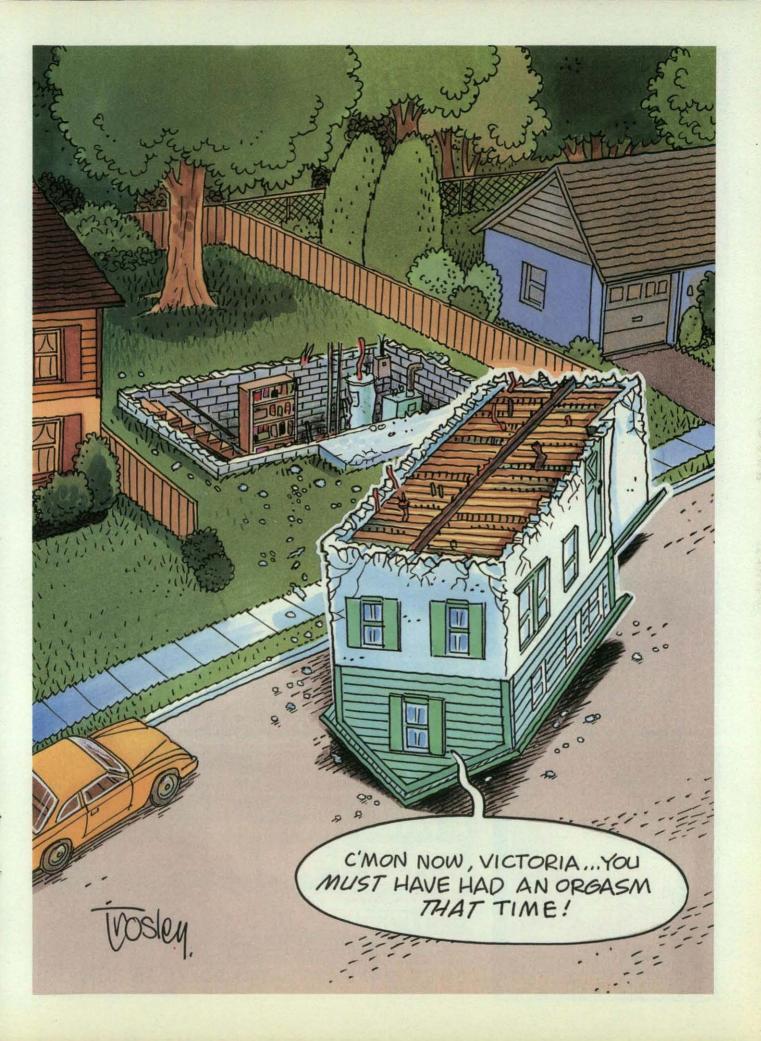
I inched even closer to Mac and could make out the map of stretch marks on his gut. At the time, I found the red streaks rather sexy. They were soft and squishy to the touch-unlike Mac's erection, which was swollen steel.

The cue ball was within reach; so I rubbed it on my clitoris. Mac's eyebrows rose; he clumsily grabbed for the eight ball and-I think, I'm not sure-may have shoved it up his ass. Liquor makes men intolerably stupid; if bars weren't such excellent places to get laid, I'd never step foot onto their piss- and pukeencrusted floors. I hope the big dummy stuffing my ginch was getting his rocks off, because I sure did.

"Ohh," I wailed. "You're making my pussy erupt, you fat, disgusting, old wino!" Cum-fueled rockets fired within my belly. The crest of an orgasm carried me into whatever afterglow is possible to share with a 325-pound, wheezing, homeless man.

Mac blurted, "Juh funnle muh-muh," and dribbled glops of sperm onto my















Hot Letters "Nice ass," I marveled. The round, meaty bum hardly showed the signs of age. I squeezed and fondled the creamy cheeks before slipping one finger into her piping hair pie.

belly. I know it's gross, but I couldn't resist dipping a finger into the mess. For your information, his seed was flavorless.

When I got home, I grabbed the Star Book to make sure the shameful tryst would not require an eventual abortion. Guess what—I misread that first prediction, which actually stated, "No good luck for several days." There must have been some jizz in my eye.

—E. D.

Youngstown, Ohio

ELEVATOR MASTURBATOR

When you work for a major magazine publisher in Beverly Hills, you end up putting in a lot of late nights. For instance, I'm writing this letter to HUSTLER after a particularly grueling assignment that kept me up until 4 a.m. Of course, one of those wee hours was spent testicle-deep in a good-pussy bitch.

It's important to stay inspired after staring endlessly into a computer screen. My method for reviving the creative juices involves riding the building's elevators with no pants on. I wait until the night watchman is gone, jump into the elevator and drop trou the moment the doors close. Don't laugh; the sensation of plunging downward as gravity tugs at my throbbing erection is often strong enough to make me blow scum. In fact, a white geyser burst from my pisshole when tonight's ride came to an abrupt halt.

The elevator's bell rang, and the doors spread open. Somehow, I'd been caught! I rushed to pull my pants on, which wasn't easy with a cummy hard-on. Visions of an angry security guard witnessing my floor-to-floor fetish gave way to unemployment-line fantasies. Gossip around the office would be worse than the time a co-worker stumbled upon my soiled pocket pussy!

I was relieved to see my guest was not a burly, black man in a uniform, but a gorgeous, older, blond woman clad in expensive furs. She was on her way to the building's parking garage after attending a musical comedy at the theater next door. Mortification burned hot across her cheeks as she witnessed the leaky, eight-inch hose dangling from my zipper. Disgust soon gave way to a thirst for ball sauce; the heavy-chested socialite hit the Door Close button and fell to her knees.

She asked, "Going down?" I replied by grabbing the back of her head as she licked every pearl drop from my sweaty shaft. This rich broad knew what she was doing. Upon finishing my pud's tongue bath, she continued to my family jewels. Within seconds, I had sprouted a powerful new pillar of raging wood.

Getting blown in the elevator was definitely an office first. I had previously blazed a trail by banging one of the Mexican cleaning-crew women in the ladies' room. Wait until the rest of the guys heard about this! The blonde nibbled my privates as blood engorged my choad to its proper length. Armed with a stiffy, I pulled my suckmate to her feet and lifted the hem of her dress.

"Nice ass," I marveled. The round, meaty bum hardly showed the signs of age. I squeezed and fondled the creamy cheeks before slipping one finger into her piping hair pie.

Heavy breathing made the walls of the elevator seem to pulsate. The blonde was dripping joy juice all over my hand. She moved my free hand to her bosom; the nipple was rigid and begged to be tweaked.

"That's goooood," she muttered in a heavy tone. Our tongues fused together. Like a surgeon, I sliced open her labia majora with my meat scalpel. The blonde cried out and humped against me with force. I almost fell backward.

Due to the elevator's lack of ventila-

tion, musk permeated the air and made my head swoon. I cupped the blonde's fanny and bent her over, driving harder and faster within those vaginal depths. With her hands against the wall for support, she began to shake. All the while, I felt the familiar force of gravity as we hurtled toward the building's lobby. That triggered my second climax of the evening.

"Fuck, yeah," I yelled, withdrawing from the blonde's thighs and shooting semen straight up her back. For the sake of generosity, I rubbed my fading boner against her pussy's cute nubbin. The blonde shuddered and came.

Afterward, she presented me with a ticket and sighed, "Do you validate?" We shared a chuckle and helped each other assemble our frantically discarded clothing. Suddenly, the door made another, unexpected opening—and this time, it was that burly, black security guard.

I didn't get fired, however. You'd be surprised how the opportunity to double-penetrate a white chick will mollify even the angriest Negro.

—E. W.

Beverly Hills, California

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.





Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Drag Is Racing Across America

CROSS-DRESSING CRASHES THE MAINSTREAM

BY CHRISTOPHER SEYMOUR * ILLUSTRATION BY LENNY MACE

Above the bar, football highlights flicker on the television. The bassheavy rap of Dr. Dre doesn't prevent couples from talking and flirting.

To glance around the room of the Edelweiss Lounge, the impression is of a very-happening New York singles bar where average guys are having above-average success with exceptionally attractive women.

Nola's beauty isn't subtle. Straight, black bangs frame her high cheekbones and full lips. She's as tall as a fashion model, but Nola's body has more of the rounded qualities men truly desire: full breasts and long, lithe legs ending in a pillowy ass.

Todd, an ostensibly heterosexual law clerk, puts down his beer and walks up to Nola. He whispers something in her ear, and she flashes a smile.

Nola cuddles up to him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder, snaking one of her gorgeous legs around his. Todd runs his hand up her thighs toward the crook of her creamy crotch. She throws back her head in laughter.

Nola's Adam's apple bobs up and down like a jolly old—well, like a man's. She puts her leg back down on the floor, pausing to demurely adjust her package.

Todd sees it all; yet he doesn't flinch. Instead, Todd reaches over and delivers a wet kiss on the drag queen's mouth.

On Manhattan's East Side, John, a shorthaired electrical-engineering student, stands in a long line of straight-looking men waiting to get into 3rd Sex, a club for transvestites and transsexuals. John suffered the long subway ride from Queens because he thought the flyers "sounded interesting."

Inside, the club is crowded with guys who look like they have stepped from a sports bar into the backstage of La Cage aux Folles. Two truck drivers hunker over a corner bar, laughing with a six-foot brunet in four-inch heels. Nearby, a fortysomething executive is deep in conversation with a foxy Marilyn Monroe type.

John stares slack-jawed around the room.

"A lot of first timers here tonight," says Sweetie, 3rd Sex's proud proprietor and head drag queen. "Drag is catching on like wildfire. Straight men have gone beyond mere acceptance of drag queens. These days, many want to take a closer look, maybe have a drink with one or even plant a kiss."

"Everyone here is quite nice—and pretty," says John, now snuggled up to a ruby-lipped Latino transvestite named Clarisse. "But I'm just curious. I'm not going to kiss her." a big-budget cross-dressing romantic comedy starring Robin Williams, were both recent mainstream hits.

Where Donahue once presented transsexuals and drag queens as neurotic freaks, today's afternoon gab shows are virtual gender-bending revival meetings.

The most telling development in the new acceptance of drag queens is embodied in the Amazon physique and career of RuPaul. Once a cult figure known only to the gay communities of major cities, RuPaul now represents MAC, the Canadian cosmetics giant whose products are favored by professional stylists, transvestites and other cosmetic-dependent performers, such as Madonna.

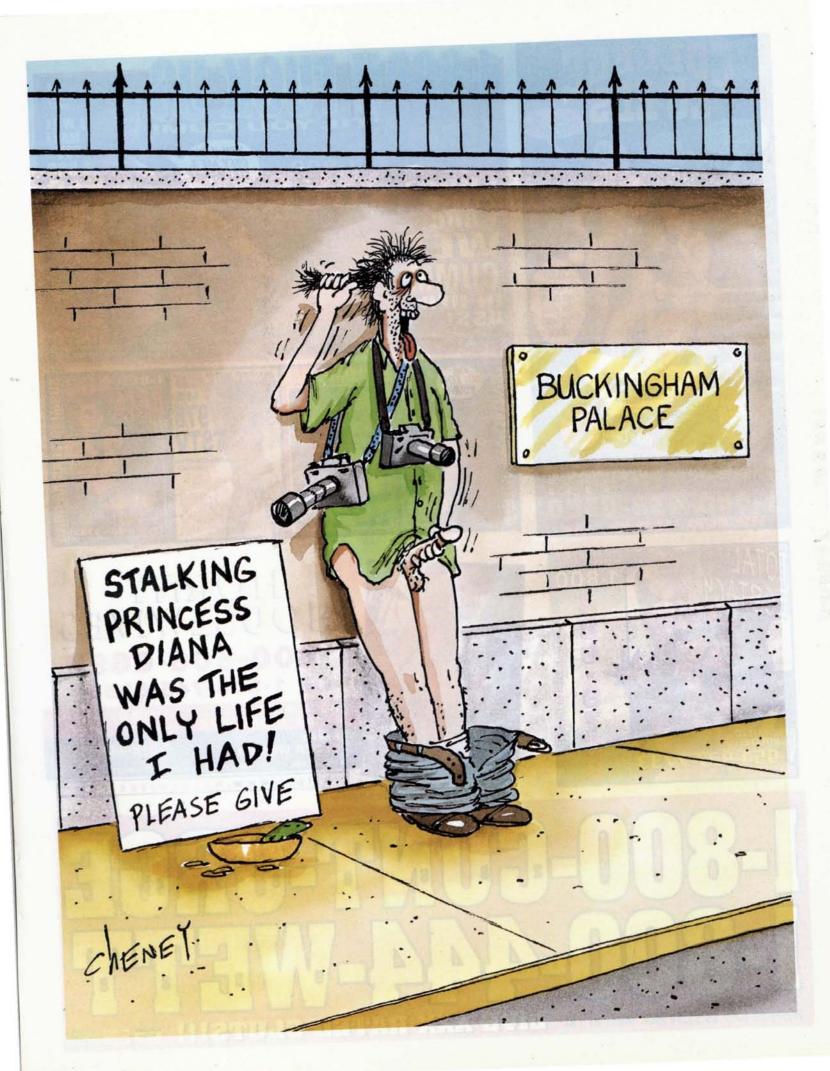
"It is the honor of my life," says the blond, African-American

These are days of monumental changes in the sexuality of our nation. Being a drag queen has never been more chic, while being a straight American man has never been more precarious. This new sexual striving and ambiguousness is reflected in popular culture, from movies to advertising to nightlife.

You know something's up when the beer commercial, a traditional mainstay of machismo, embraces casual cross-dressing. The series of Miller Lite spots where average joes don dresses to win free suds are some of the most popular on the air.

To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything! Julie Newmar, featuring Patrick Swayze and Wesley Snipes as sexless drag queens, and The Birdcage,













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Sex Play "Last year, whenever I rode the bus turned out in sequins and lamé, everyone would gawk. But now I'd have to bribe a schoolkid just to get a second glance. Everyone's become so blasé!"

spokesfreak. "Ever since I was a little drag queen growing up in Georgia, I wanted to be a model for a cosmetics company."

"Since the beginning, MAC has catered to everyone," says MAC copresident Frank Toskan. "We think of what products would appeal to a drag queen in the way we think of what would appeal to an African-American woman."

Although it may seem the entertainment industry is just reacting to the people, it's naive to think the American public has changed their social mores on their own.

"Because of intense media exploration, there's been a real increase in the acceptance of transvestites and drag queens," explains Gregory Lehne, Ph.D., assistant professor of medical psychology at Johns Hopkins. "Instead of being morally outraged by transvestites, much of the American public is curious about them and even wants to share their fun."

Lehne notes an important distinction between transvestites and drag queens: Transvestites are generally heterosexuals who cross-dress for sexual arousal, whereas drag queens are usually homosexuals who put on dresses for recreation or to entertain one another.

"They just don't stare like they used to," laments Rosa, a/k/a Ronald. The redwigged diva notes that this new acceptance is not just confined to oddball night spots. The jaded attitude has hit the streets as well.

"Last year, whenever I rode the bus turned out in sequins and lamé, everyone would gawk. No one could resist looking at my bodice. But now I'd have to bribe a schoolkid just to get a second glance. Everyone's become so blasé!"

"You said it, girl!" chimes Angela, a tawny queen with a Spanish accent and Asian blood. "I was just down in Miami where the atmosphere used to be very conservative. The police used to pull over any queen just to rough us up. But now I could be topless on Collins Avenue and ask a cop directions to Disney World, and he wouldn't blink."

"I'm not sure I like this acceptance," Rosa whines. "I want to shock the pants off someone."

Angela pouts, "Me too. I didn't get into this to be ignored."

It is the rare cross-dresser who

doesn't dabble in the performing arts. One of the most famous drag performers is Gaylord, who, along with two other New York-based artists, has staged elaborate productions from South Beach to Carnegie Hall to Greenwich Village's Bar D'O.

Discreetly tucked away on a quiet corner, Bar D'O is the premiere venue for gender-bending performers, and its sophisticated coed audience is much different from the testosterone-heavy 3rd Sex. The added presence of heterosexual women allows for another perspective on the state of American drag.

"Obviously, I enjoy drag performers," says Vicki, a man-loving store manager. "But when I see RuPaul held up as an ideal of the perfect woman, it makes me crazy! Everywhere I look these days, I see ads telling me I'm supposed to be six-feet tall with no hips and shoulders out to here."

"RuPaul promotes the idea that men make better-looking women than women," adds Sylvia, a 26-year-old student. "That's outrageous, even if it's sometimes true."

"I hope we don't get to the point where straight guys are truly attracted to drag queens." Vicki laughs nervously. "I mean, we still have some taboos left, don't we?"

Back at 3rd Sex, John sits alone, sprawled out on a sofa. "Maybe I could kiss Clarisse," he admits uneasily. "I'm not gay or anything, but c'mon! Calling her a man is too damn clinical."

Clarisse returns from the powder room, sits beside John and slides her arm around his waist. He looks completely at ease.

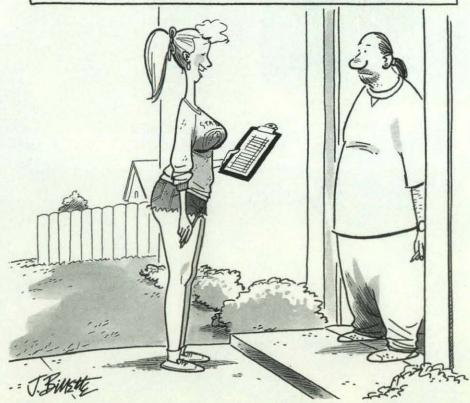
The future of drag in America is unclear. The politically correct may raise a glass over America's new openmindedness, but how long before regular all-American perverts start chasing the drag queens instead of the girls next door?

Randella, a compact blond with a killer hourglass figure and a hint of genuine Southern accent, explains that as a man he never knew a fraction of the attention he gets in drag. But how long can it last?

Randella admits: "I'm a bit frightened of the future."

And what will that future look like? Maybe like John and Clarisse did at the end of the night at 3rd Sex: intertwined, entertained and utterly indifferent to plumbing.

THINGS THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN IN YOUR LIFETIME #42



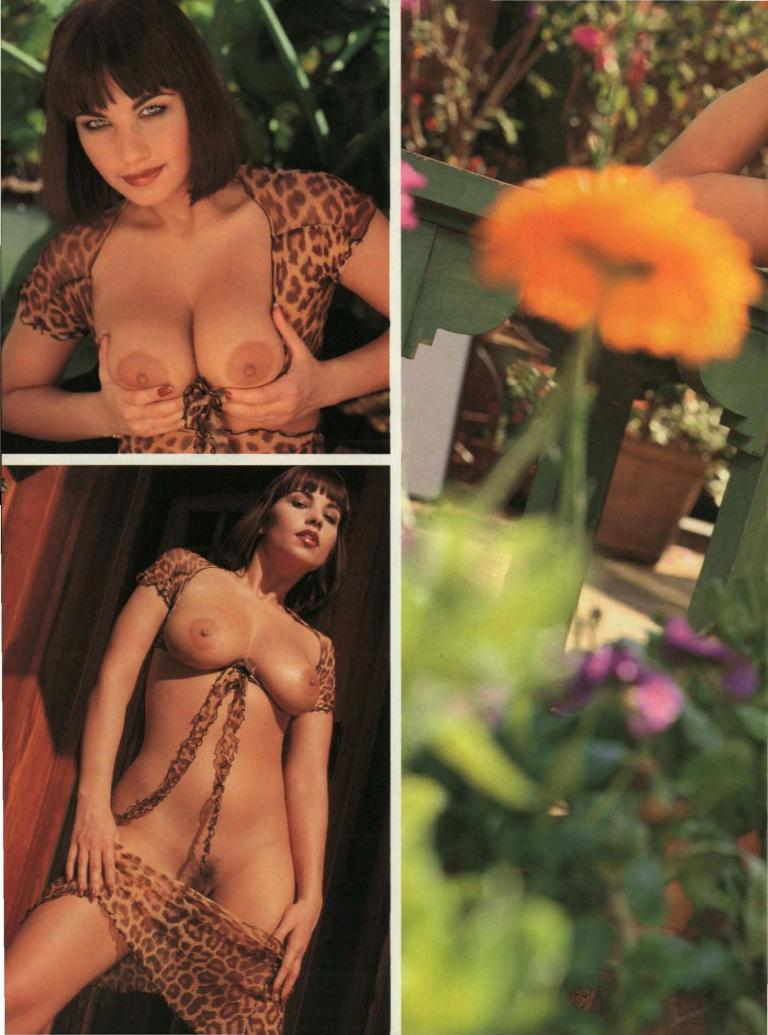
"Can you help me, sir? I'm doing a term paper on the various tastes and textures of sperm!"

January HUSTLER



Samorelcitizen









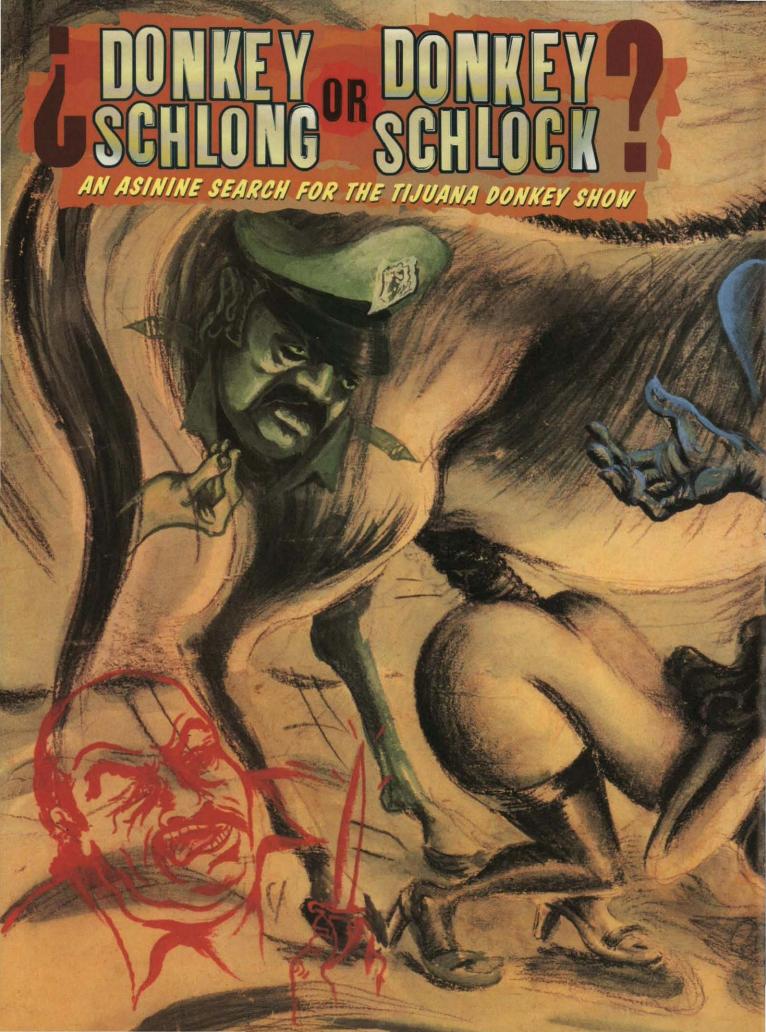














Donkey "Then the donkey walked up and stood over the woman. One of the helpers kind of guided its dick to her pussy, and from there, the donkey knew what to do."

I pace uneasily across the dirt floor of an abandoned Tijuana warehouse. I have come here of my own accord, paging a phone number I do not know, accepting a cab ride from Antonio, a toothsome man with the malignant eyes of someone well acquainted with extortion and, quite probably, egregious assault.

The meeting has been set up by the manager of a San Diego cafe. His kitchen help are all from Mexico. The smiley taxi driver claims to be the dishwasher's distant cousin.

"Why isn't anyone here?" I ask calmly, noticing splintered crates and shredded cardboard boxes where a crowd of expectant perverts should have been.

"And where's the chica?" questions my six-foot-four-inch associate and de

facto bodyguard. "Or the burro?"
"Don't worry," Antonio says, flashing his teeth again. "You wait here."

Antonio leaves through the rear, stepping over a pile of bricks that once formed the back wall. He peeks his head around the corner of the building.

"I'll be right back, amigos." He doesn't show the teeth this time.

Such is the search for the Tijuana donkey show.

ravaged macadam streets don't suggest a crumbling city with links to a glorious past as much as they do a prefab urban center actually built in ruins. T.J. is a smoldering border town, complete with rampant pollution, ingrained squalor and a seedy underworld where everyone's on the graft and anything is open to negotiation.

In short, the city is the perfect setting for a donkey show.

Viable leads on the donkey trail are hard to come by. After making phone calls to various contacts, including several in the porn industry, I get the distinct impression that the donkey show is one big shaggy-dog story, although it's hard not to be drawn in by the apocryphal tales of jackass lust.

The prospect of witnessing such an atrocity causes one to put a strange faith in the most dubious of stories:

"Yeah, I saw that shit. Man, it was gruesome; a chick actually fucking a donkey! I thought she was going to

"But where? Where was the show?"

"Oh, I don't remember, man. It was just at this one club. A chick. Fucking a donkey!"

The most reliable story comes from Gene, a retired Marine, who claims to Tijuana's dilapidated storefronts and have seen a Tijuana donkey show while stationed at Camp Pendleton in the middle 1960s.

"It was horrific," Gene remembers. "They had this woman, she must have been around 50, and she was lying back on an inclined plank.

"The guy who was running the show, sort of the emcee, I guess, rubbed this towel on her crotch. Someone told me it was the scent from a female donkey's pussy. Whatever it was, the old donkey went berserk. It took three or four big Mexican guys to get the thing under control.

"Then the donkey walked up and stood over the woman. One of the helpers kind of guided its dick to her pussy, and from there, the donkey knew what to do.

"I stopped watching. I was 19 at the time, and I may have been a Marine, but I'm from a small town."

The testimonial of a Marine is encouraging. Semper fi, and all. Gene suggests catching a taxi at the border and asking the driver to take me to the ass fucking.

On the cab ride into Tijuana proper, I ask William, my translator and Tijuana liaison, to get the inside scoop and have the driver take us straight to the show.

"We want to see the donkey show," William says. "Can you take us there?"

"The donkey show, huh?" the driver answers in English.

I look at William. He shrugs.

"Not many people know where the donkey show is," the driver continues. "But I bring people there all the time." It costs us an extra 20 bucks.

He lets us off on Avenida Revolución, Tijuana's main strip of nighttime hot spots for Americans. We are to walk three blocks south to the Unicorn Club, where for \$30 we will have the good fortune of witnessing a willing slut take an ass-size dick in her human-size slit.

Situated at the bottom of a steep flight of pockmarked, cement steps, the Unicorn differs from the other clubs on the street by its noticeable lack of patrons. Inside, Latino house music blares, and a fat, topless go-go dancer labors to shimmy up her dancing pole.

An eager waiter seats us directly in front of the stage, affording the best possible view of the feature dancer's jiggling leg cheese. A few other Americans are cozied up to even fatter whores with heavy makeup and exposed midriffs.

The short, mustachioed waiter brings us drinks, but fails to mention any donkey show. We decide to play it cool; so for the next 20 minutes, William and I



(continued on page 74)

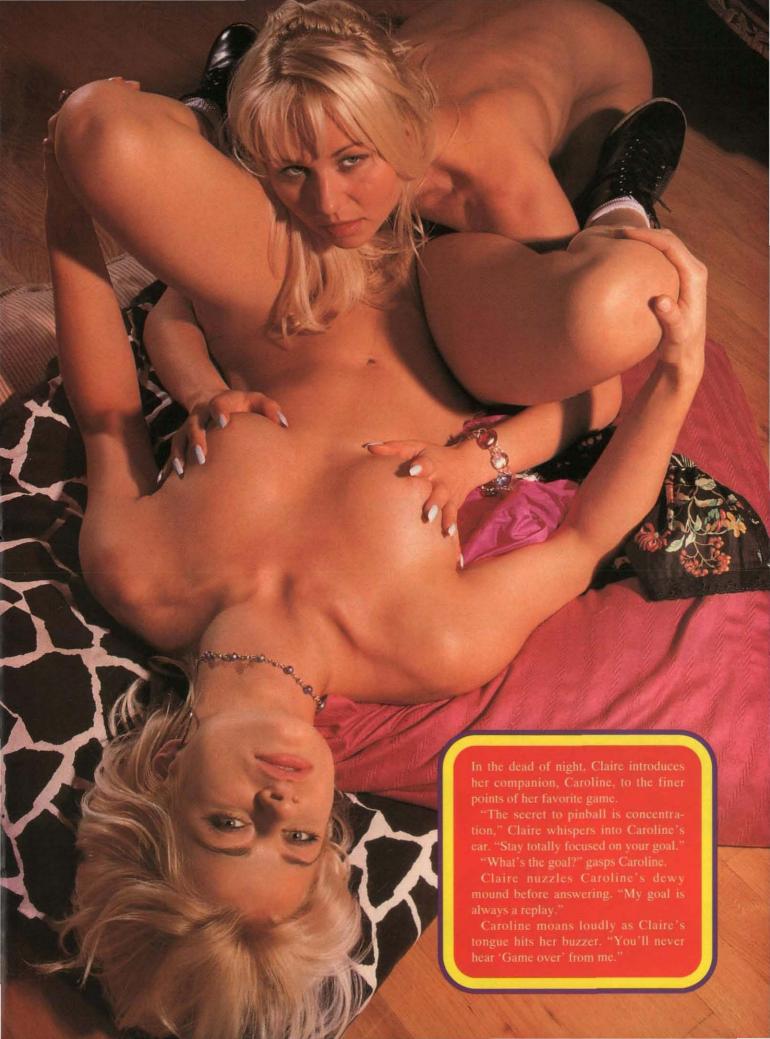


"Look, Carolyn—our boy is a born Republican!"

















Donkey "Sorry, you are 20 years too late. There is no donkey show anymore." We pause on the way out to watch a zealous gringo fuck a \$20 floozie with a Coke bottle, but it's not what we're looking for.

attempt to discourage the hefty stripper from waving her greasy twat in our faces.

We realize we need to be more proactive in our search. The waiter returns with another round. "Ask him when the donkey show starts," I tell William. "Maybe we need to go to the back room."

William scans the waiter's name tag.

"Hey, Miguel. When does the donkey show start?" William asks.

Miguel shakes his head. "No donkey show tonight."

"We'll pay good money," I plead.

"Sorry, my friend, you are 20 years too late. There is no donkey show anymore."

We pause on the way out to watch a zealous gringo fuck a \$20 floozie with a Coke bottle, but it's not what we're looking for.

According to most cabdrivers, stripjoint barkers and low-level pimps on Revolución, the donkey show disappeared after the '70s.

The first blow came in the late '60s when the Mexican government enacted a nationwide crackdown on prostitution in preparation for the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.

Then, in the early '80s, Tijuana entrepreneurs attempted to right the city's image as a dangerous rogues' gallery, fit only for visiting criminals and drunken sailors. American-style nightclubs and discos sprang up on the tourist-friendly Avenida Revolución. The owners hoped to draw American teens and college students with a local drinking age of 18.

When the flocks of underage gringos started arriving, the police helped to keep the dollars rolling in by cleaning up anything that a 16-year-old, blond-haired Missy might find offensive: mainly, open street prostitution and, regrettably, the donkey show.

"When they started the clubs, the donkey show went away," explains Ramon, a longtime T.J. cabdriver. "Everyone started making money; so they wanted Revolución to look safe. The men who run the disco, they give money to police to move the women somewhere else. Also the donkey. He's not good for business."

How does Ramon account for the proliferation of the donkey-show mythology?

"A lot of guys come down here and get ripped off by a taxi driver." Ramon shakes his head. "But they feel stupid; so they go home and tell everyone they saw the donkey show anyway."

William and I cringe.

After our fruitless survey of

Revolución, a cactus taco vendor suggests the brothel clubs of the Zona Rosa, Tijuana's Red Light District.

Avenida Constitución, the main thoroughfare of debauchery, is markedly different from the tourist-friendly Revolución. Gone are the flashy neon signs, thumping dance beats and hordes of young American revelers. Instead, Mexican nationals and expatriates lope among colonies of produce stands, through small packs of street whores and into packed prostitution bars.

No barkers are needed here; the men frequenting these cantinas know exactly what pleasures await inside. We ask our cabdriver if he has ever visited the places we are driving past. He tells us no, but suggests the Chicago Club.

The Chicago Club is bustling. Men stand at the bar, packed shoulder to shoulder, and fill red-vinyl booths circling a sizeable dance floor. There, a full complement of young women sway back and forth in jeans and pretty dresses; there is no excessive cleavage or impossibly short miniskirts.

At the start of a song, prospective johns sidle up to the chica of their choosing and begin their own sad two-step. Afterward, the customers stop by and discuss terms with a fat, shirtless man standing in the deejay's booth overlooking the club.

With the leering approval of the girls' sweaty pimp, schlubs can enjoy a \$100 fuck-and-suck session at the hotel upstairs.

William and I find a booth and order drinks.

Donde ver un burro y una chica?"

Our waiter has difficulties understanding my butchered Spanish. (I have given up on William as any sort of reliable help.) I try sign language, pressing a forefinger through a circle formed by my other index finger and thumb. "Un burro y una chica."

Recognition creeps across his face. He turns and flags down another waiter. Things are looking up.

The first waiter swishes the dishrag he is holding from the small of his back and brays. He spits out a burst of rapid-fire Spanish to his friend, and they both turn back at us, cackling.

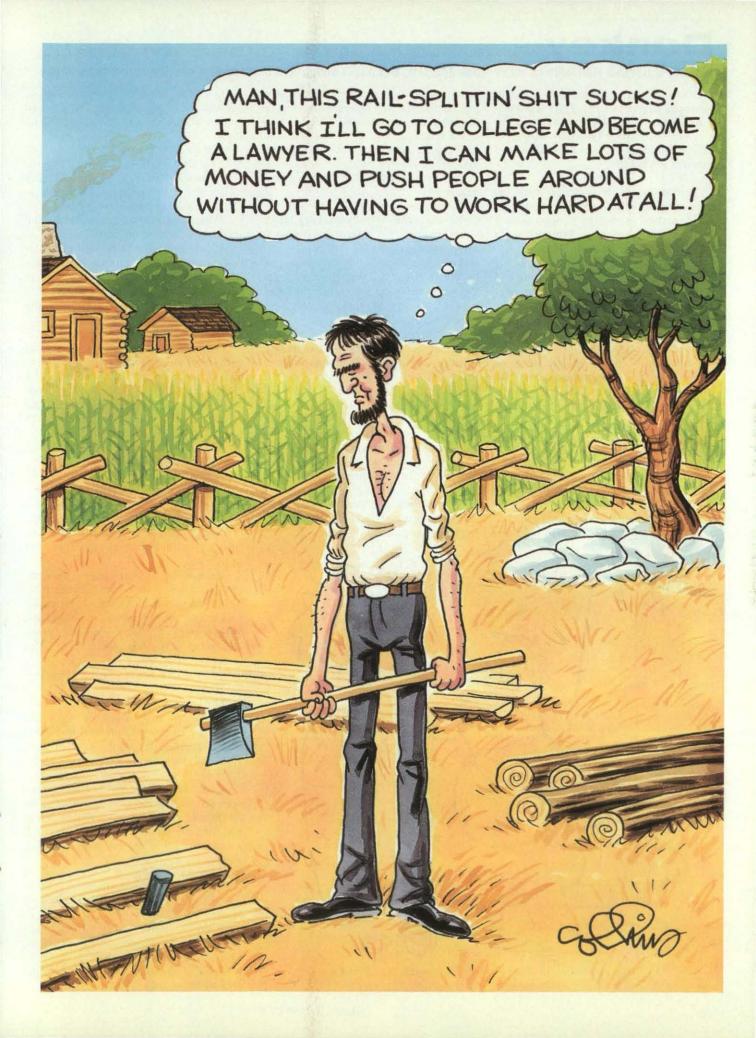
The joke spreads quickly around the room. Both employees and local patrons enjoy a laugh at our expense.

A sympathetic onlooker offers a suggestion. "Try across the street," he says. "I've never been inside the place, or nothing, but I hear it's pretty seedy.'

This coming from a man with



"I never called you a slut! I wouldn't call you a slut! I like sluts!"



Donkey Marina comes out from backstage wearing the costume. Buck-naked, save for a plastic, children's Halloween donkey mask and suit, she bucks and grinds in some sort of interpretive mule dance.

slicked-back, stringy blond hair, wearing a maroon leisure suit in a Tijuana whore-house/dance hall. Because we have by now become willing hucksters—eager to pursue the most dubious of stories—we consider it a hot tip.

The Molino Rojo looks no different from most of the neighborhood's bars; an extinguished neon sign droops over a crumbling brick exterior. We push aside the heavy leather curtain and walk in.

Flimsy strings of burned-out Christmas lights sag from the ceiling and walls like cheap tinsel. Party streamers crisscross the empty dance floor.

A solitary stripper gyrates on a narrow runway, tiny brown breasts hopping playfully against her lissome frame. With the crowd now tripled in size, she hops off her stage and approaches. She has the body of an 18-year-old and the craggy, chiseled face of an indiscriminate postmenopausal age.

"Donkey show is at 1:30," she rasps.

"Donkey show?"

"Sí. Donkey show is at 1:30."

We can't believe our good fortune. Her words serve as an unsolicited affirmation of our faith. It's enough to kick our misguided excitement back into high gear.

The bartender pads over to take our

drink orders, almost suspicious of paying customers. He hisses something at the tired dancer, and she scurries back to the stage.

"You're having a donkey show here tonight?" I ask

"Donkey show?" our ersatz waiter puzzles.

"Un burro y una chica."

He unleashes a belly-shaking laugh. "Yes, amigos. We have a donkey show for you tonight. Special. At 1:30."

I check my watch. It is only midnight. While we wait, William and I pay the bartender good money for the privilege of buying Marina, our stripper

friend, beers.

As it turns out, Marina is a 37-yearold graduate of Los Angeles Community College, who once was a pop singer on the verge of being as famous as Selena and now does "advanced English studies" with Tijuana priests.

Or at least that's her story.

Marina also introduces us to her two daughters, Ramona and Gabriella, who are chewing racquetball-size wads of bubblegum; Ricky, the bartender, who is also the Molino's owner; and Mercedes, another stripper who dresses like a gypsy and has varicose veins marking the back of her legs like spiderweb tattoos.

As a show of gratitude for listening to her story and meeting her friends and family, Marina thrusts her polluted quim at me.

"For free," she says. I demure, but tell Marina that William would love to. "He's been drinking," I say. Marina smiles and grabs William's hand, shoving an unwilling digit into her hole.

William manages a queasy smile and scuttles off to wash his hands.

At 1:15 there is still no sign of a donkey, and the only customer besides William and me stumbled out half an hour earlier.

Like the *Chupacabra*, or a stable peso, the Tijuana donkey show is proving to be a glorified Mexican myth.

That's when Marina comes out from backstage wearing the costume. Bucknaked, save for a plastic, children's Halloween donkey mask and suit, available at finer drugstores and supermarkets across the U.S., she bucks and grinds in some sort of interpretive mule dance.

As performance art, it would be bad; as a striptease, it's wilting.

Mercedes starts a head-bobbing chicken number back and forth across the stage's tiny runway. She wears a strap-on dildo with a peculiar curvature that makes her look as though there is a rhinoceros trying to escape from her snatch.

Meanwhile, Marina's brays are audible above the techno din burping from Molino Rojo's scratchy sound system.

The insanity culminates in a simulated donkey show: Marina crying out, "Haw. Hee-haw. Haw. Hee-haw." Mercedes screams, "Sí, sí, sí!"

Ricky stands behind the bar, howling. William and I flee.

The spectacle has been an adhominem attack by a pair of cagey and grizzled Latina sluts, and we feel good about slinking out while we still have what balls we came in with.

Weeks later, after William and I have escaped what at the time appeared to be an impending horror of certain robbery and possible maining in the empty T.J. warehouse, I still receive calls about the donkey show.

"Hey, man, I saw it last weekend. It was incredible, truly an atrocity."

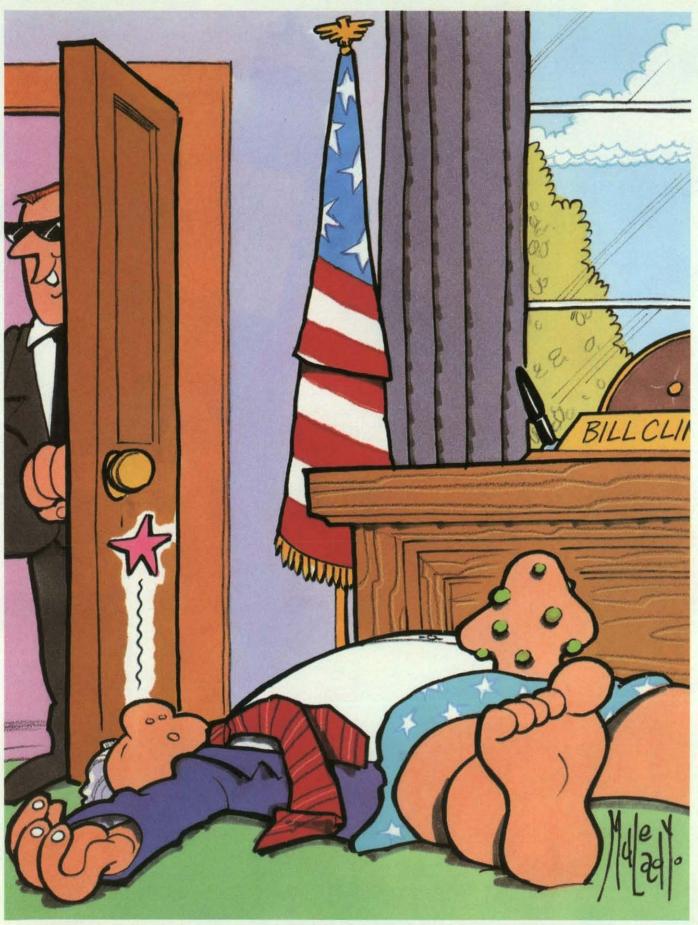
"Where was it?" I ask. "Do you remember?"

"I don't know; it was on that main street. The taxi driver told us about it. Paid \$20, but it was worth it."

Such is the search for the Tijuana donkey show....

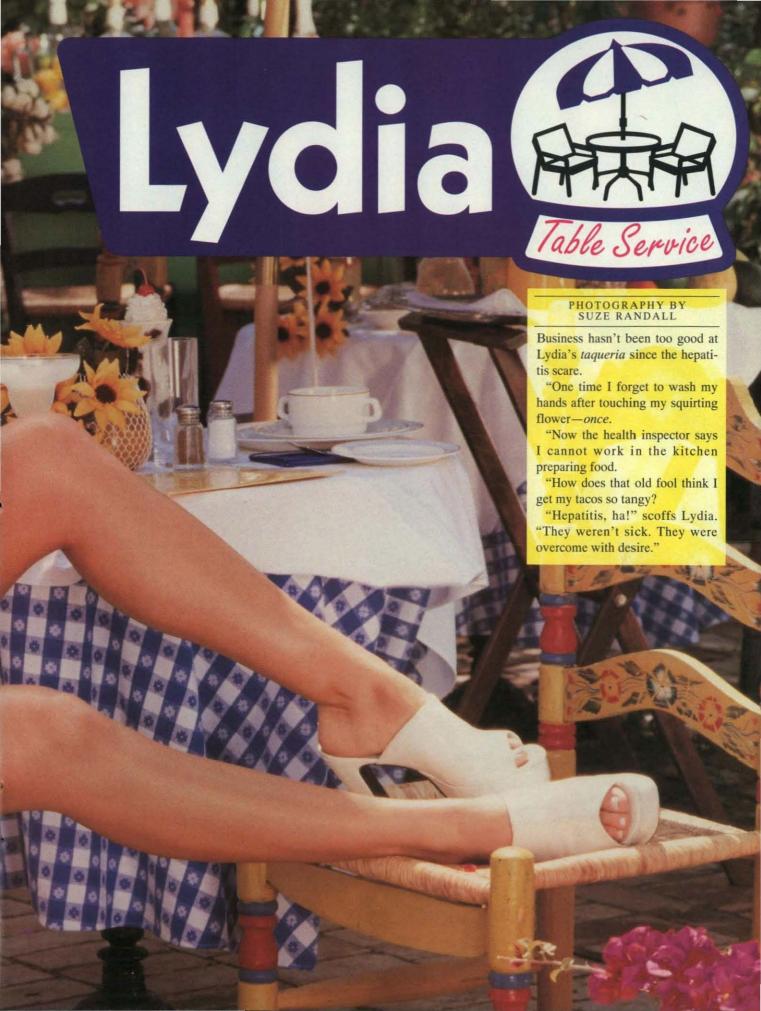


"Why get mad at me about drinking? If it weren't for drinking, we'd have never gotten married!"



"Great news, Mr. President—Paula Jones says your dick is shaped like the Liberty Bell and has green bumps all over it....
Mr. President?"







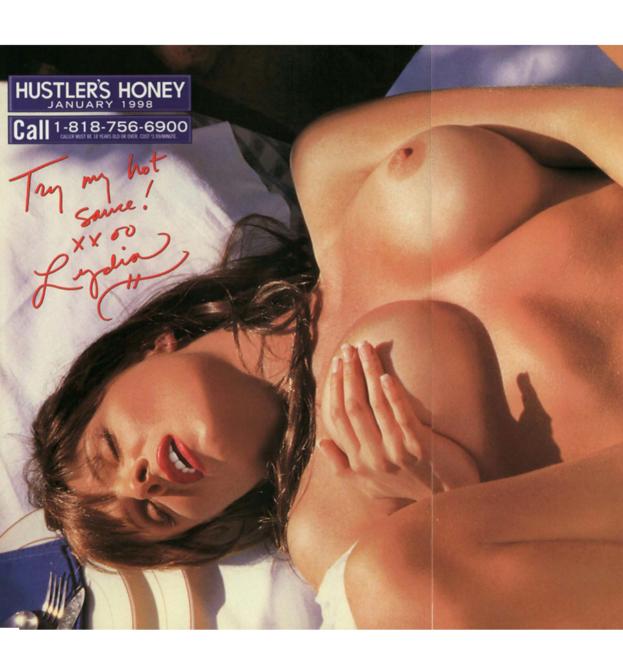
















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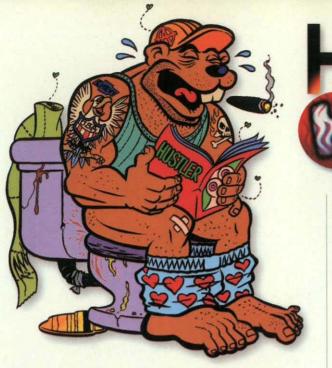






COME INSIDE Its time to make things Personal.

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Tired of demeaning jokes, a determined blonde cut off her golden locks, dyed them black and hit the road.

Traveling down a country lane, she came across a farmer herding sheep.

"I have a proposition for you," the woman said to the shepherd. "If I can guess the exact number of sheep in your flock, can I take one home?"

The herder shrugged. "Sure."

The bottle brunette scrutinized the flock and said, "Three hundred and eighty-two."

"Wow," the herder said in amazement, "that's exactly right. Go ahead and pick your sheep."

Triumphant, the woman placed her prize in the car.

"All right," the sheep herder said, "now I have a proposition for you."

"What is it?" she asked.

"If I can guess the real color of your hair, can I have my dog back?"

A pedophile led a child deep into a remote, gloomy forest. Coyote howls filled the air. "I don't like this place," the child said. "It's dark, and those sounds scare me."

"Think how I feel," the pedophile replied, "I have to walk out of here alone."

Question: What does June Allyson's pussy taste like? Answer: Depends.

A cowboy shopping for new boots found a beautiful cream-colored pair, but was put off by their \$5,000 price tag.

"You'll never find a more supple fit in footgear," the salesman claimed. "These babies are made from genuine human skin."

"I believe you, but \$5,000 is a little outta my range," the cowboy replied.

The salesman sighed. "Well, there's a black pair in the back you can have for \$75."

A prostitute and her client retired to her room. The trick proceeded to undress, first removing his shoes. The hooker recoiled in horror at the sight of his hideously malformed feet.

"What happened to you?" she gasped.

"Oh," the man replied shyly, "I suffer from toelio."

"You mean polio," the baffled slattern replied.

"No," the man insisted, "doctors refer to my condition as toelio."

He dropped his pants to his knees. Countless red scars dotted his kneecaps. "I've had those scars since child-hood," the john explained. "When I was seven, I came down with a terrible case of kneesles."

Finally, the man squirmed out of his boxer shorts. The exasperated hooker took one look at his package and said, "Let me guess. Small cox?"

Question: How can you recognize Pamela Anderson Lee's kid at day care?

Answer: He's the one with stretch marks around his mouth.

An elderly couple met for a tryst in the broom closet of the nursing home. They undressed and were about to screw, when the old woman decided to warn her partner of her heart condition.

"I should tell you," she said, "I have acute angina."

"That's good," the man replied, "because you got the two ugliest tits I ever seen!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *public hair* as: a stripper's muff.

The nervous young bride became irritated by her husband's lusty advances on their wedding night.

"I demand proper manners in bed," she declared, "just as I do at the dinner table."

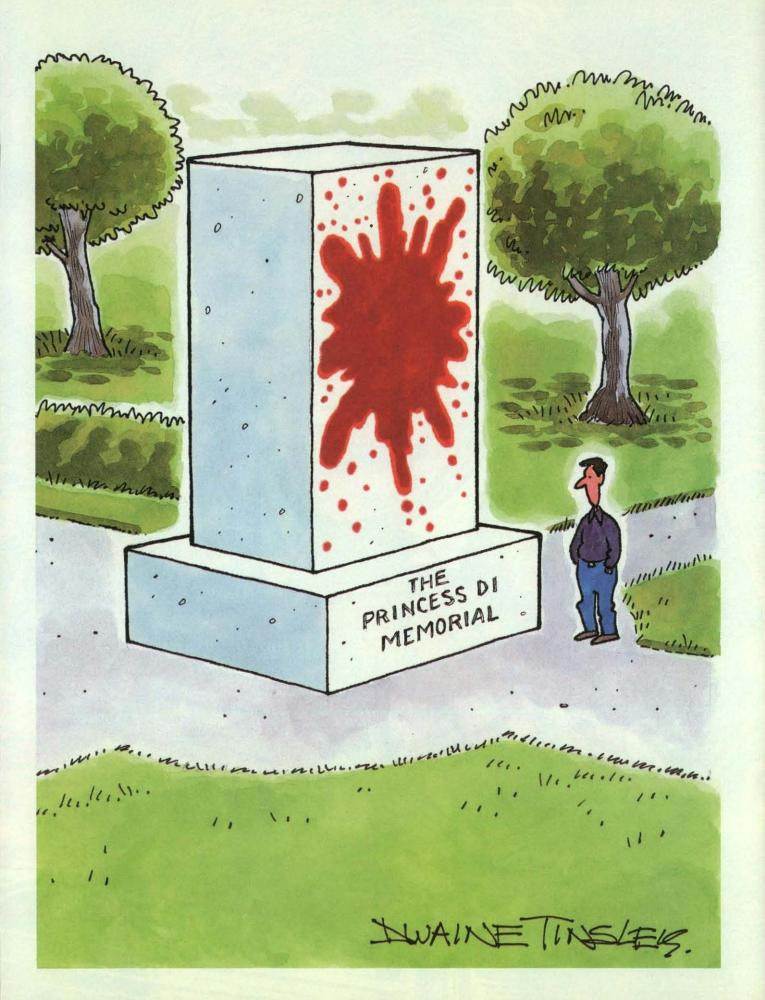
Amused by his wife's formality, the groom smoothed his rumpled hair and climbed quietly between the sheets.

"Is that better?" he whispered.

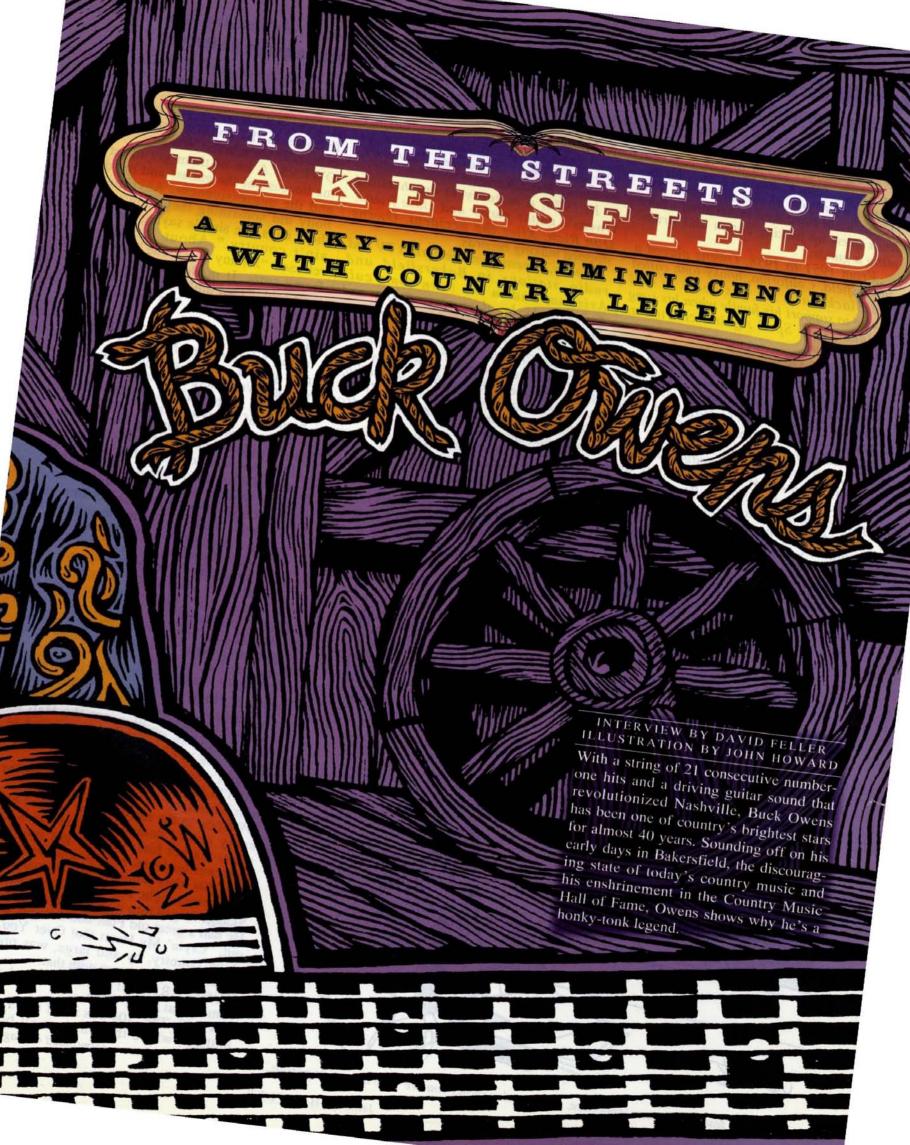
"Yes," replied the girl, "much better."

"Very good, darling," the husband whispered. "Now, would you please be so kind as to pass the pussy?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







OWENS Buck Owens has come back full circle to the honky-tonk. He's having fun. "I look at it like, live it till it runs out," says the 68-year-old Owens. "Live it like you're gonna go forever."

Alvis Owens Jr. was born on the barren plains of north Texas two months before the stock-market crash of 1929. Seven years later, "Buck" and his family hit the western road out of the dust bowl. The Owens's old Ford died in Arizona, where Buck grew up picking cotton and strumming a guitar.

From 1951 to 1958, Owens played a Bakersfield, California, honky-tonk called the Blackboard. He was about to quit music to support his family when his song "Under Your Spell Again" charted at

number four.

Owens's career was meteoric, scoring 21 consecutive number-one country hits. His hard-driving guitar work was revolutionary, leading other California artists, such as Merle Haggard, in a West Coast sound invasion of Nashville that lasted for much of the '60s.

"Buck's music had an edge, an astonishing amount of drums, energy and heat," says Jim Shaw, Buck's piano player through the years. "It's an inyour-face, almost rock 'n' roll kind of attitude. Coming out of an Eddie Arnold record into a Buck Owens record was like a slap in the face."

With his trademark Fender Telecaster, Owens made a living on witty, up-tempo numbers, like "I've Got a Tiger by the Tale" and "Act Naturally" (made famous outside country circles by the Beatles cover version), but his most famous tune is the slow, sweet "Cryin' Time," recorded by many, including Ray Charles.

In 1974, a motorcycle crash killed Owens's guitar player and close friend, Don Rich. After the accident, Owens

stopped making records.

Today, Owens owns numerous TV and radio stations in Bakersfield and Arizona, and in the town some call Buckersfield, he plays every Friday and Saturday night at his own entertainment complex, the Crystal Palace.

At the Crystal Palace, his customized 1972 Pontiac, complete with a cow-horn hood ornament, hangs from the ceiling, and friends such as George Jones, Dwight Yoakam and Marty Stuart drop in for jam sessions.

"He's a dance-hall Picasso," says Stuart. "He knows how to give the crowd exactly what they want. He's a star."

Owens likes the folks to dance, joking and hollering at them. He plays tunes he doesn't know, and he doesn't care if he makes mistakes. Buck Owens has come back full circle to the honky-tonk. He's having fun.

"I look at it like, live it till it runs

out," says the 68-year-old Owens. "Live it like you're gonna go forever."

HUSTLER: You've ruffled a lot of feathers in the country establishment, especially back in the '60s.

OWENS: A lot of them got upset with me because of the guitars and the drums and the aggressiveness. Anytime anybody did something they didn't like in those days, the simple saying was, "That ain't country." About '66 or '67 I released "Johnny B. Goode," the Chuck Berry song. It made number one, and they said, "That ain't country." I put the fuzz tone on in '67, and they said, "He ain't country."

HUSTLER: You and Roger Miller were taking a bite out of Nashville, with the raw guitar sound as opposed to the strings. Were there hard feelings?

OWENS: Roger Miller, one of the sweet people of the world, and I were sitting together a week before he died down at the Academy of Country Music awards show. He reminded me that back in the mid-'60s he and I won a big part of the major awards one year. I would meet him comin' down from the podium and then goin' back up. Nashville seemed to feel if it wasn't done in Nashville, by Nashville musicians, it wasn't any good. Like what they were doing was country, and what we were doing wasn't. I hated it because they didn't want to give any credit to Bakersfield.

HUSTLER: They've also been slow with inducting some of you West Coast guys into the Hall of Fame.

OWENS: Take a look at the great songwriter Harlan Howard. He has about 1,200 cuts, and they're just now getting around to puttin' him into the Hall of Fame. And they finally got around to puttin' me in last year. I think they were afraid I was gonna die.

HUSTLER: After the '60s, country music changed. Why?

OWENS: In the early '70s, it seemed like every record company wanted to have multi-market hits; so they got into the crossover business, and up until about the mid-'80s, they damned near crossovered themselves right out of business. Ricky Skaggs helped turn it around in a big way. He had a great old Flatt and Scruggs song out, "Cryin' My Heart Out Over You." I think country, by and large, was pretty dead until he came out with that.

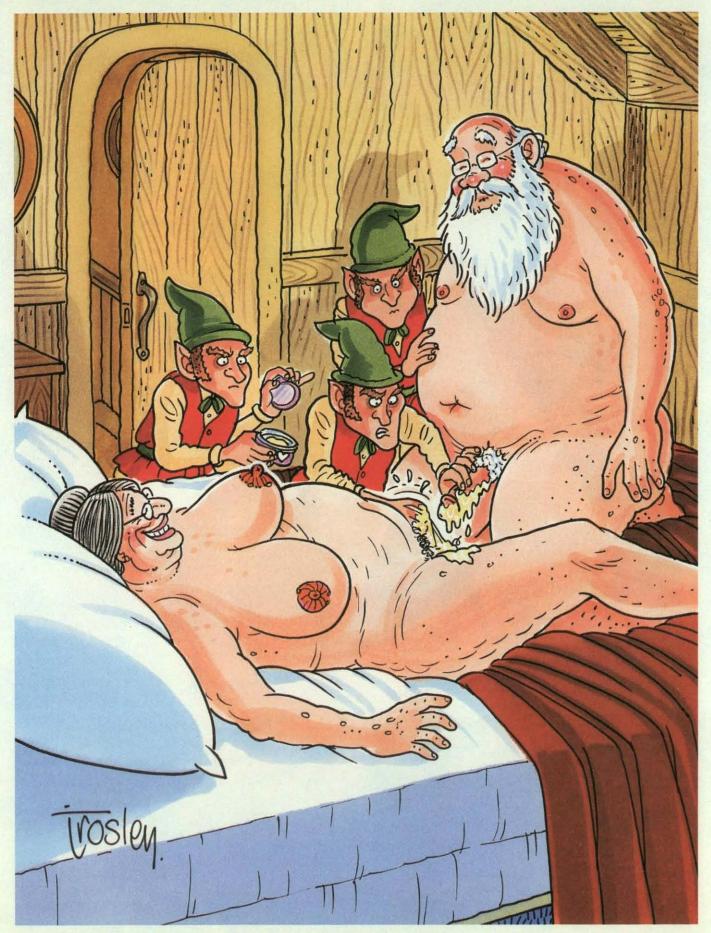
HUSTLER: What kind of sound was coming out in the '70s?

OWENS: The '70s was all of this syrupy bullshit, where they made it all boomy

(continued on page 102)

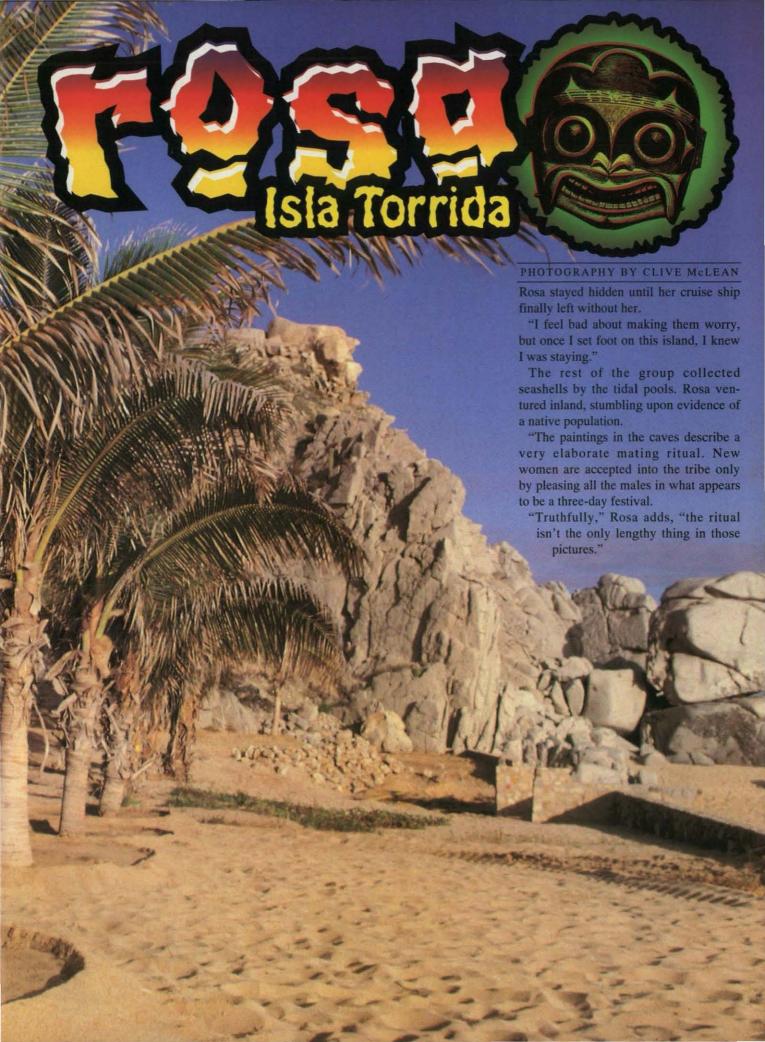


"The DNA test proves your innocence, Leon. It also shows you are 44% mountain gorilla...."

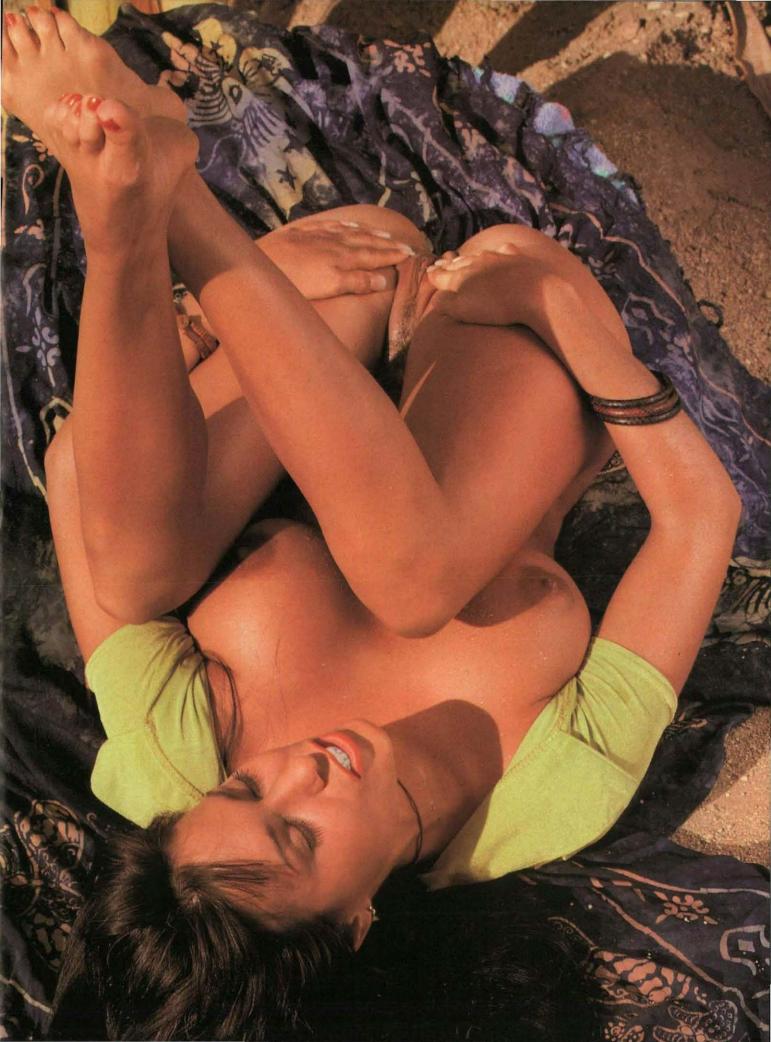


"He can't do a fuckin' thing without his helpers...."



















(continued from page 92)

Owens "In 1951, I bought an old Fender Telecaster guitar—it's in a museum now, but once in a while I get her down and play her. It's still a raunchy old thing."

and bloomy, what we call at my radio stations record-company records. In other words, they went out and manufactured a damned record. It's the same thing I can't stand about today's country: manufactured records by some dude that can't sing in the first place. They've got so many machines, they can make Minnie Pearl sound like Ethel Merman. They take one word from each line and raise the pitch or change the tone, and pretty soon, they don't sound nothing like themselves.

HUSTLER: With the corporate control you're describing, it sounds like we'll have a McDonald's on every corner and McCountry on every radio.

OWENS: No doubt. The majority of country music today is crap. It's unlistenable. People say to me, "But you play it on your radio stations." I have to introduce them to Madison Avenue syndrome. In Bakersfield, more than 50% of our billing comes from national business, the vast majority of that, from Madison Avenue in New York. If I don't play the music to attract 18- to 34-year-old audiences, then I miss out on that money. I say, "Look, I play any song on merit." But to be honest, sometimes I'm lyin' to you. I have to play games. Radio needs records; records need radio.

HUSTLER: If someone called you the father of modern country guitar playing, would you argue with them?

OWENS: I don't know if I could claim the title myself, but at least you might say I had a part in it. In 1951, I bought an old Fender Telecaster guitar-it's in a museum now, but once in a while I get her down and play her. It's still a raunchy old thing. The reason why you might not hear tones like that before is nobody played the Fender guitar before that.

HUSTLER: Did you play a different style? OWENS: What I did was almost at times a hoedown style initially. I never sat down and thought, Well, now, how can I do this? Can I make this sound more this way or that way? It just came out. A lot of people heard the style as the years went along and improved on it. I still like the old raunchy style, as I call it. It doesn't have a lot of echo, and it doesn't have a lot of polish. Just turn the thing on, turn it up as loud as you can, and let it go.

HUSTLER: What was your first paying gig like?

OWENS: You know I'm a closet rock 'n' roller. I played the Blackboard as the first music job I ever had-a 21-year-old kid gettin' to play in a place that's airconditioned and heated. We did everything. Of course we did the Elvis tunes when he came along in '55, but we also did the Chuck Berry, the Little Richard, the Fats Domino, all of those things. We didn't do original songs-who the hell had any? We even had strippers there. And you got to remember, I was on some Stan Freberg records and some Tommy Sands, Gene Vincent, Wanda Jackson. Back in the '50s, I cut maybe thousands of records.

HUSTLER: What did you do on those sessions?

OWENS: Most of the time it was all rhythm. Once you were on a bunch of hit records, it got to be like a little clique. The producer would say, "Where's that kid from Bakersfield? He's kind of a brash asshole; he'll have some ideas."

HUSTLER: You ran across some pretty interesting characters at that time.

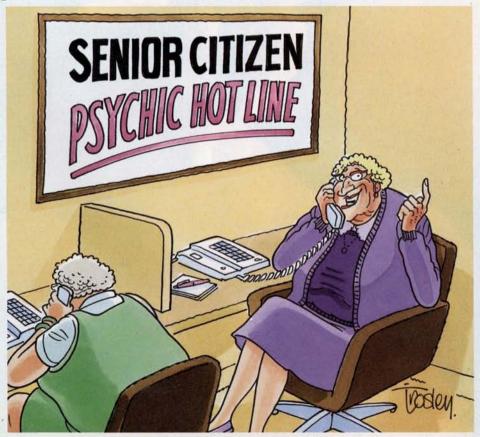
OWENS: I remember all these people were coming down to visit Freberg. One time Sinatra came to see him. I didn't quite know how famous he was at the time, but he was a real famous dude. And I mean, we'd stop everything when Sinatra showed up. Hell, he'd leave the studio and then 30 minutes later, he'd come back. We worked on two sides, and it took us ten hours. Now, that was unheard of at the time; you never went into overtime.

HUSTLER: There was a line drawn between country and rock then. How hard was it to do both?

OWENS: It was understood, man, if you were country, you were country. It wasn't so much the players as it was the deejays. Remember, we had no country stations out here. We had three different stations, maybe four, that had country on for an hour at all different times. And one thing you didn't want to do was alienate these hard-edge country disc jockeys. Their attitude was, you're country or you're rock 'n' roll. You damn sure ain't both. And a lot of young country boys went into rock. It was exciting and new music, and it excited the young girls. Let's face it; all young guys like girls. Hell, I'm 68 years old, and I still like young girls.

HUSTLER: You've said you were influenced by black music-like other country greats Bob Willis and Hank Williams, just to name two. Where did you hear black music as a kid?

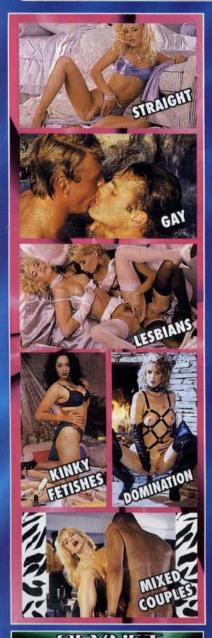
OWENS: I think my biggest influence came from Bob Willis and his great bands, as well as black artists like Little Richard and Chuck Berry. In the early '50s, I used to go over to this little record store and buy records by the first (continued on page 110)



"I see an erection maybe late August, early September!"

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#33620 - Diana, 39, 5'10", 150lbs. and very beautiful. Very nice 36C breasts. I like to be ravished with gifts to show how much you worship me. I am not a professional.

#64201 - Rachel, WF, 5'6", 117lbs. D cup, small waist and blond. I have quarter size nipples and a shaved pussy. I love anal sex. I need a well hung man that loves to be sucked.

#10041 - Sherry - I'm the black woman of your dreams. I have a tight little ass and love to take it up there. I love to be eaten and fucked all night long.

#10040 - Lisa, BF, 5'2". I'm a big bottomed girl who just loves to put out for you. I've got big tits and ass. Dynamite comes in small packages.

#47529 - Diana, 5'10", 150bls, blond hair and green eyes. 36C and firm tits. I like to be lavished and appreciated. I am looking for a generous WM. I like to be tied up, role play and possibly more than

#10223 - Susan, 4'11", brn hr/eyes, 185lbs. I like a guy with a big dick to fill my big pussy. I got a big butt and love to fuck. I like riding guys

#78540 - Babette. I am from France. I have blond hair, large breasts, and lovely muscular legs. I have 34C breasts and a slim waist. I like to have sex in front of others. I like to show my body to complete strangers. I love to be spanked and dominated and tied up with my arms above my head. Please me with your cock in my mouth.

GAY MALES

#84928 - White male 5'10" 200lbs, #8428 - White male 3 10 20008, hairy body. Big size cock, good looking with a receding hairline. Has 44 in chest, 37 in waist. Large thighs. Fairly muscular, 6 in cut, cock. Likes to do anything, no pain or water sports. Will take it in throat, and ass. Top and bottom. Whatever you want.

487057 - Justin. 6' 195lbs, muscular, blond long hair. My cock is 8" and I like to stroke it. My firm ass loves to be touched and played with and I like to suck cock and have cocks up my ass. I want nice guys with big cocks who like to suck and fuck every day. I like to talk nasty.

#82935 - Dan. 5' 10" 175lbs, nice build, likes hairy men who are well built and well endowed. I'm 8.5 inches very thick with big petruding veins. Nice round ass that likes to get fucked. I want to have a 3 way. Anything goes sessions that last 3 to 4 hours, 3 to 4 times a week.

#77766 - Frank 19 yrs old, 6'2" 140lbs, very slender likes to work out. 7 inch dick that likes to be sucked. Will give head to guys and will fuck all night long.

BISEXUAL FEMALES

#24831 - Regina. Lt skin, brn hr/grn #24651 - Regula, Lt skii, bit in/gir eyes. 5'2" full-figured. Nice white breasts with tiny pink nipples. My clit is hot and dripping. I haven't had sex in a long time I love oral sex. I need a man or woman to go down on me. My pussy is so hot. I am looking for a partner who can give me what I want.

#79280 - Laurie, 40, WF, blnd hr 5'5", 38-30-38. Nice tan. Very friendly. Nice plush ass with a shaved pussy. Just waiting to rub it up against someone. I am very bicurious. I would love to suck a big plush black girl.

#79777 - Brittany, brn hr/eyes, 5'1", 120lbs. 21 yr old BF.36C tits. I'm looking for my 1st experience. I want it to be very kinky.

LESBIANS

#83939 - Wanda, black, full figured woman with 44 DD tits, big legs and thighs. Big black nipples that stand erect, a hot, big pussy and a large clit that likes to be sucked on. I want it any time and I love to eat pussy.

#83337 - Amy, 5'2" black female, who wants another woman of any race. Has a 36E chest, 23" waist, nice round ass that shakes very sexy when I walk. My big clit stays hot and wet when I go down on women. I love to be eaten.

#83017 - Jennifer 5'5", full figured, white female. Big tits. Shaved pussy. My ass is tasty, big, soft and round. I want to be with a woman with big tits (not too thin) who will lick pussy and ass hole.

#11621 - Kelly 30 yrs old 5'2". Nice body and is hungry for a woman. My pussy is hairy and trimmed just right. I want it often and will do anything for you as well as be your

TRANSVESTITES

#40793 - Debbie. I'm an Italian brunette who is 5'8" 130 lbs. 36D tits and I have a clean shaven pussy that likes it in the ass.

#35339 - Marie. Long blond hr/grn eyes. Big sexy lips, perfect size to wrap around your hard dick. My 38DD breast can be rubbed all over your cock and ass.

COUPLES

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#79877 - Doug & Cindy. Into having 3-4 guys do Cindy while I watch. I am 6' 2 with lg dick. She likes to fuck. She needs a lot of big dicks to satisfy her.

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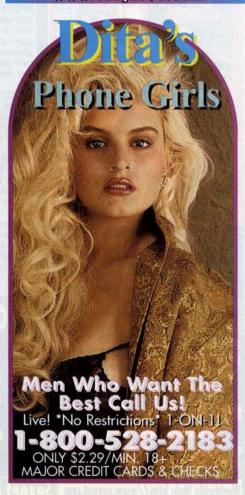












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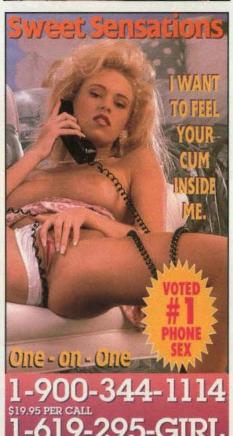
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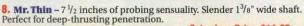
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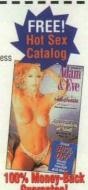


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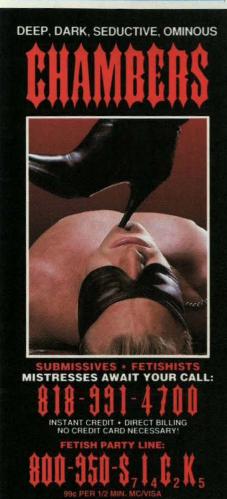
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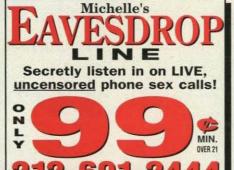
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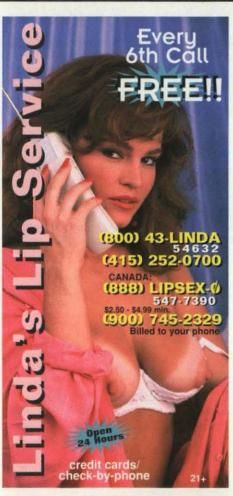










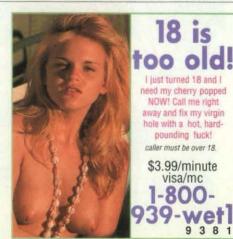












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OWENS "Of all the songs I wrote or recorded, two of the most enduring ones I picked for B sides. That goes to show you what a songwriter or a singer knows about his own stuff."

amplified blues guitarist, T-Bone Walker, because of the way he bent the strings. The driving sound I always liked to do came from a mix of black music and country.

HUSTLER: Many artists, such as Little Richard, Elvis, Ray Charles, started in church. It sounds like you did too.

OWENS: When I was about 18 or 19, I went to a church and ended up singing in the gospel quartet. My mother played the piano; mostly good old honky-tonk, hard-drivin', get-on-with-it gospel. Of course, we sang slow ones too, but my favorites were the rafter rattlers. Some of those old boys with the big old bass voices, it was-I'd say hell-raising, but I guess that's not the word for it. But sometimes those old buildings would get to shaking.

HUSTLER: Your career didn't take off until you signed with Capitol?

OWENS: I had a deal to go to CBS, but the main man had to put off his trip out here for a month. In the meantime, I was playing a record session at Capitol for a couple of guys called the Farmer Boys. And four of the songs they did that day, I wrote. About halfway through the session, this Capitol A&R guy says, "You wrote these songs, huh?" I said, "Yes, sir." I was being nice to these people because I'd been trying to get with Capitol for three years. Now, when he found out I could write, he suddenly gets interested; so he calls me out into the hall and says, "You think about coming with us." An hour and a half later, he put out a contract with all this little writin' and shit on it, and I said, "Well, I wanted to think it over." He said, "It's been an hour and a half; how long does it take to think it over?" And you know what I did? I signed it. It was the best thing to ever happen to me.

HUSTLER: And you quit recording not long after Don Rich's tragic death?

OWENS: I never got over that. He was my writing companion, but he and I had been longtime close friends. It wasn't nobody but Don and me for the first couple of years, traveling around to all these little honky-tonks in an old Ford. And we did like all the other people: We slept in cars; we didn't have no place to sleep. Even when we got goin' pretty good, with a little bitty band, we'd always stay in a motel somewhere, where you parked the car outside the room, where all four or five of us would all take showers.

HUSTLER: You always preferred the humorous tune. Why?

OWENS: The '60s and '70s were the days of AM radio, and some of those AM bands had so much mush and distortion down in the low ranges, I put the edge on it. I did up-tempo so I could have a more driving sound, but how are you gonna have a really driving sound and sing, "My baby's gone and left me, and she ain't never comin' back"?

HUSTLER: And some of your most famous songs came about their popular-

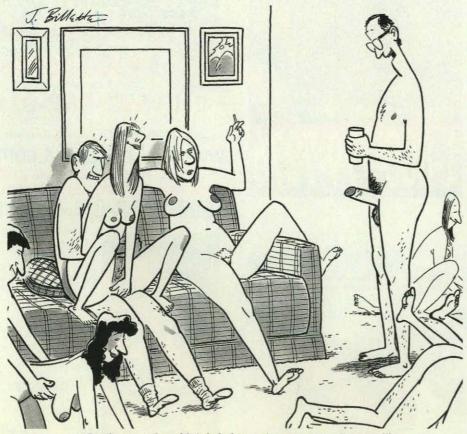
ity in a funny way. OWENS: To show you what I know about songs, I wrote "Together Again" and put it out as a B side on the back of "My Heart Skips a Beat." We were promoting like hell on the A side, and then "Together Again" comes along and knocks it out of the top spot. You're talking about a single record in 1964, when one side was number one and the other side was number two. I didn't set out to do that; it was just that the jocks and the folks in the record stores picked up on "Together Again." Then a year later I put "Cryin' Time" on the back of "Tiger by the Tale." "Tiger" was such a big hit that nobody at the time even heard "Cryin' Time." How the hell Ray Charles ever found it, I'll never know-it's probably the copyright that made more money for me than any other song. Of all the songs I wrote or recorded, two of the most enduring ones I picked for B sides. That goes to show you what a songwriter or a singer knows about his own stuff.

HUSTLER: What was your reaction when the Beatles covered your record "Act Naturally"?

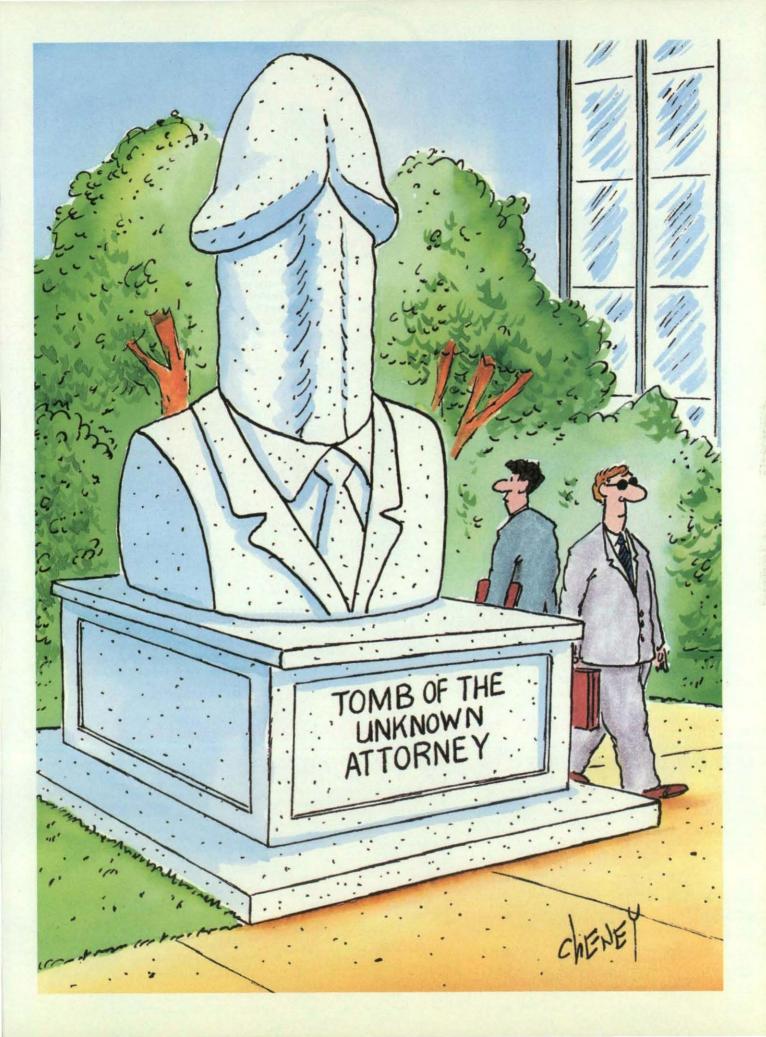
OWENS: Don Rich and I were probably the world's biggest Beatles fans. As a matter of fact, we used to do "Ticket to Ride" and "Shake It Up, Baby." We even put it on an album before they did "Act Naturally." But it astounded us that the Beatles not only had heard of us, but they'd done one of our songs. It made us terrifically happy.

HUSTLER: And later on, you actually had the chance to work with Ringo.

OWENS: This guy from the Bammiesthis big awards show they put on in San Francisco every year—called me and said, "Would you and Ringo sing 'Act Naturally'?" Ringo didn't come, but I was going to Europe for a tour; so I called him up and said, "You want to have some fun?" I made arrangements for Abbey Road Studios, and he came over. I expected ten people with him, but he drove up in a car by himself. I already had the track made when he got there; so he and I just had to sing it. It was lots of fun. And, of course, when he came over here, I got him to make the video with us. Ringo is just (continued on page 152)



"Pardon me—I couldn't help but notice your pussy is empty!"







Talk about a four-alarm Beaver! Sadie is a 26-year-old dancer from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Sadie's interests are travel, reading, cybersex chats, target shooting and gambling. Sex in a hot tub with her man and some willing ladies is her favorite fantasy. Whoever called Philly the City of Brotherly Love has obviously not made this beauty's acquaintance.

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Los Angeles, California, is home to Blondie, a 24-year-old waitress. Blondie enjoys surfing, snowboarding and rollerskating. Her fantasy is to be the sexual center of a threesome. Blondie looks like she's got a few cherries to spare.

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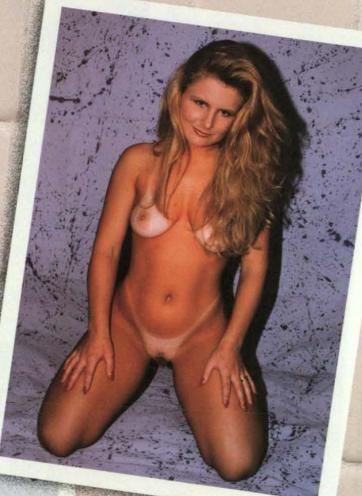
Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



This enchanting little sprite is Precious, a waitress from Cleveland, Ohio. Twenty-year-old Precious enjoys modeling, sexy teasing and showing off. Her dream is to have another couple spy on her and her fiance "doing it." Many couples, no doubt, are right this minute dreaming of just such an opportunity.

Photo by Fiance

Kimber! isn't the traditional woodsman cry, but a little lady of that name is sure to fell the mighty oaks of HUSTLER's Beaver hunters. Kimber is a 28-year-busy schedule, as an owner of three dogs and five cats, we're sure her HUSTLER debut will be the catalyst Photo by Husband



Exotic dancer Tanzi from Tampa, Florida, demonstrates one of many unsafe ways to mount your pickup. Tanzi's hobbies are making amateur adult videos and giving away massages and sex. The 20-year-old's fantasy is to have her boyfriend videotape her in a lesbian frenzy. Sturdy shoes are always handy in such situations.



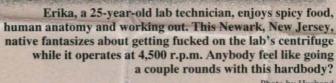
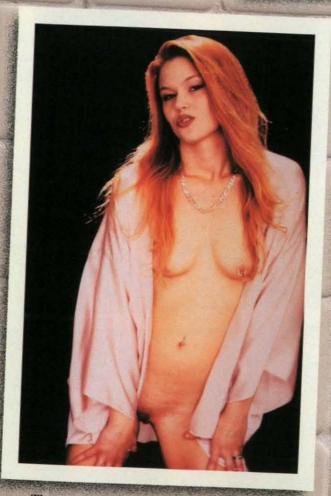


Photo by Husband



The appropriately named Mercy is a 22-year-old entertainer. Hailing from Littleton, Colorado, Mercy's hobbies include skiing, painting and dancing. She dreams of having passionate sex while tied up in a white-water raft. Keep those votes for your favorites coming, especially if you'd like to be shown any more Mercy!

Photo by Friend



"All greased up and no one to blow" appears to be the sad story of young Lee from Bozrah, Connecticut. A 19-year-old customer-service rep, Lee's hobbies are scuba diving, writing poetry and modeling. Lee's lustful thoughts center around being covered with whipped cream and eaten like a sundae. Lee would look just as tasty on a Mondae or a Tuesdae....

Photo by Boyfriend



Her eyes say, "Angel," but her pussy says, "Devil." Angel is a 21-year-old adult-video model from Indianapolis, Indiana. Her only listed hobby is "watersports." Angel's number-one turn-on would be to have another woman join her and her fiance in a torrid threesome. Sounds heavenly.





There's something dangerous and seductive about this girl, something noir. Daisy, a 20-year-old student from Boulder, Colorado, hopes to someday make love atop the Eiffel Tower at sunset. When she's not dancing, shopping, reading and having sex, Daisy continues to inspire happily married men to stuff their wives into steamer trunks.

Photo by Friend

When she's not in-line skating or working with abandoned and abused animals, Tampa, Florida's Veronica experiences lustful thoughts of becoming a HUSTLER Honey. Such thoughts are strongly encouraged in 24-year-old students like Veronica.

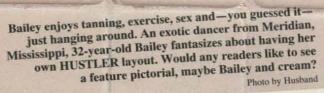
Photo by Friend





Enjoying a secluded nature hike is Mercedes from Chippewa Lake, Ohio. The 27-year-old designer likes to work out at her gym daily. Her fantasies are to be caught playing with her shaved pussy in public and to have sex with another woman while her husband watches. *That* is how to keep the spice in a marriage.

Photo by Husband







Kim is a 27-year-old student from Rialto, California. Her hobbies are tennis, swimming, aerobics and sex. Nothing gets Kim hotter than imagining herself making love on the beach in broad daylight. HUSTLER recommends SPF 15 or higher, Kim.

Photo by Husband

Displaying discerning taste in literature is 23year-old Wendi from Fyffe, Alabama. Wendi is a millworker who enjoys reading and shopping for shoes. Her fantasy is to have another woman join her and her husband in a threesome. Apparently millwork isn't the worst job in the world.

Photo by Husband





Sprinkles is a refrigeration technician from Aloha, Oregon. Her hobbies are "skiing, fucking, sucking, teasing, squeezing and pleasing." Sprinkles wants to experience a sapphic threesome while her husband watches. For a girl whose specialty is keeping things cool, Sprinkles sure knows how to stoke a fire. Photo by Husband

Having rough sex with her boyfriend and two women is 21-year-old Anna's fiery fantasy. A native of Augusta, Maine, Anna is a waitress/hostess who loves dancing, reading, movies and watersports. Anna, tell your boyfriend that HUSTLER also accepts Hot Letters.

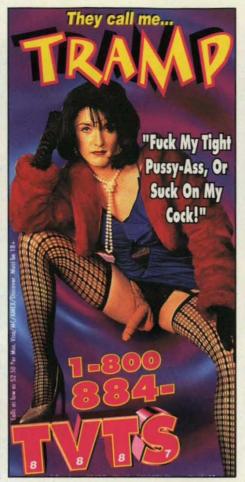
Photo by Boyfriend



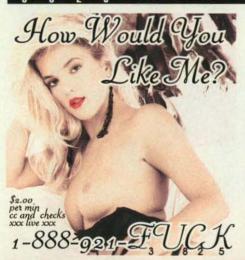










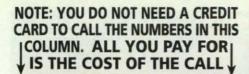




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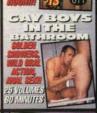






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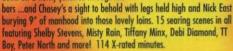
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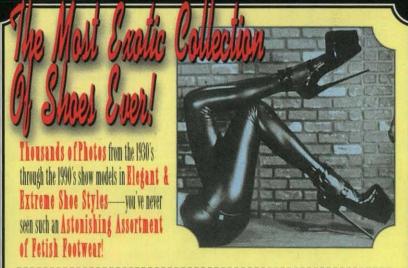












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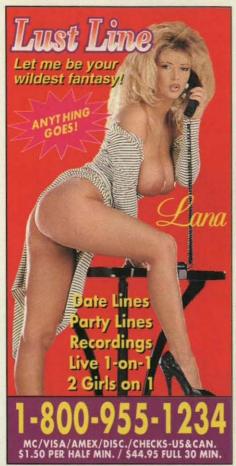
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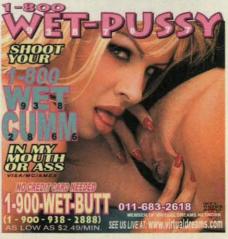












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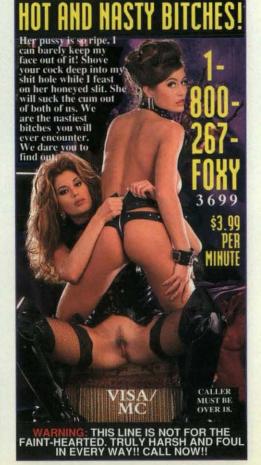
















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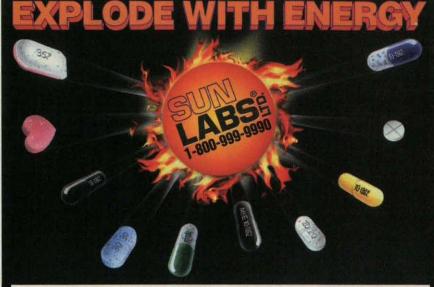


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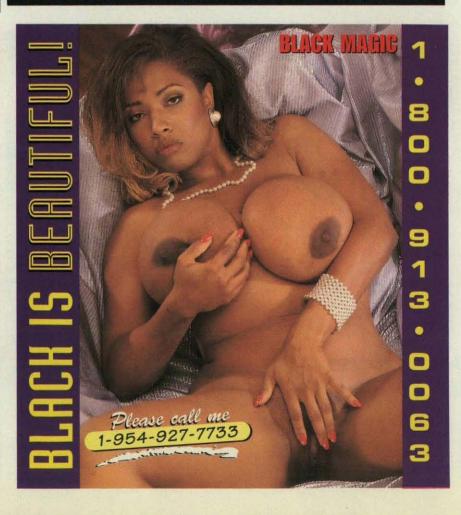
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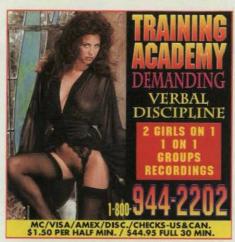
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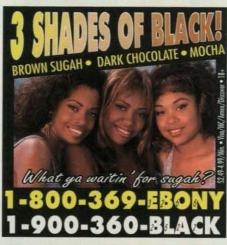








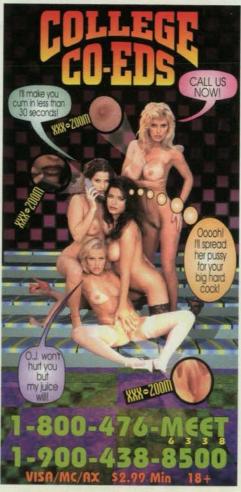








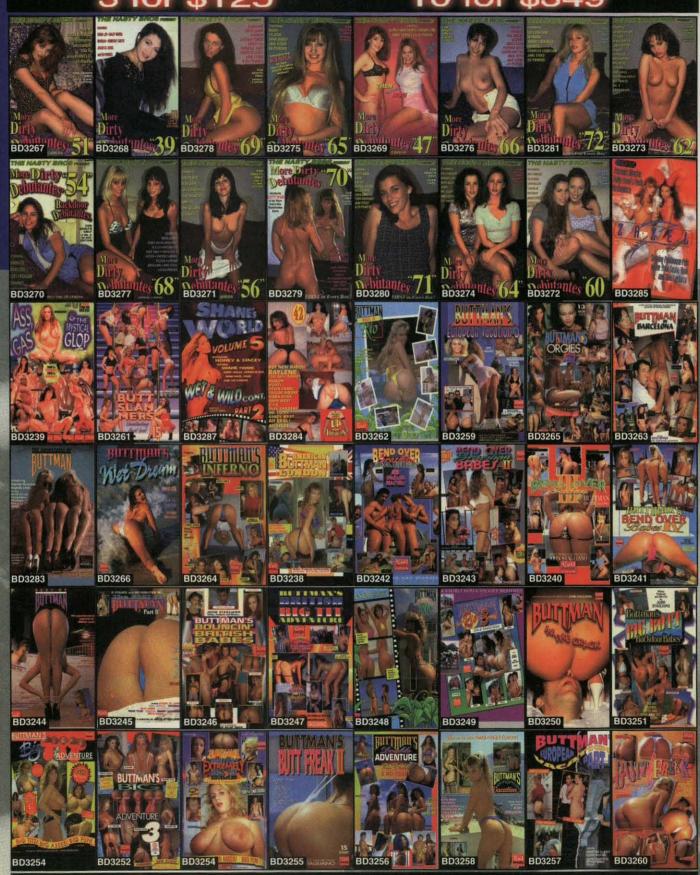








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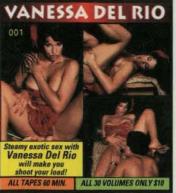
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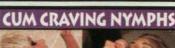
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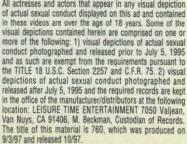


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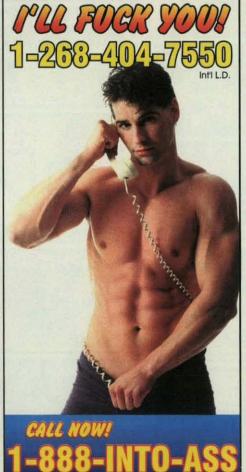


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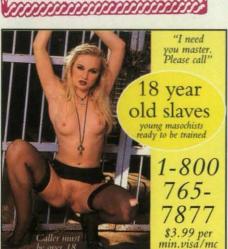












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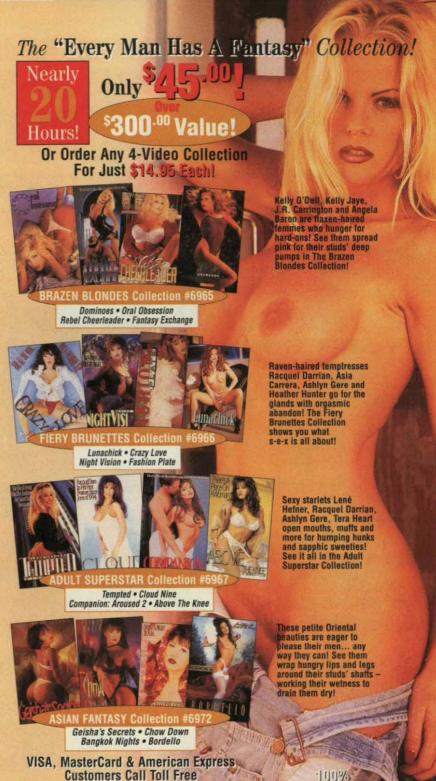
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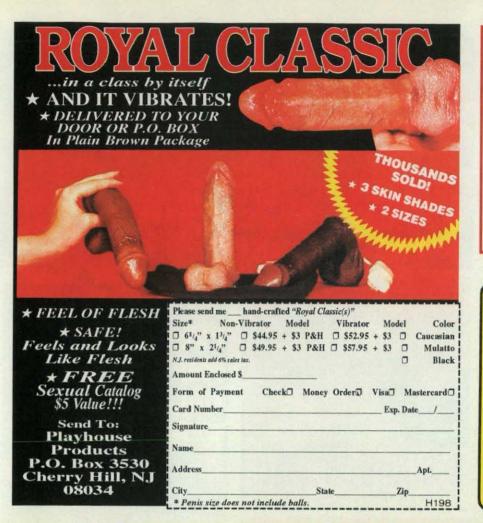
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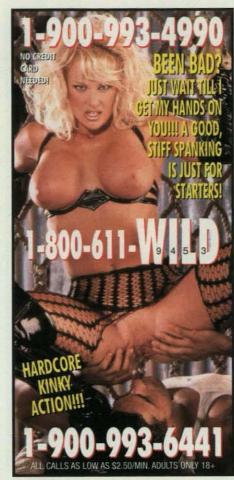
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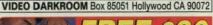
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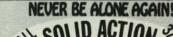




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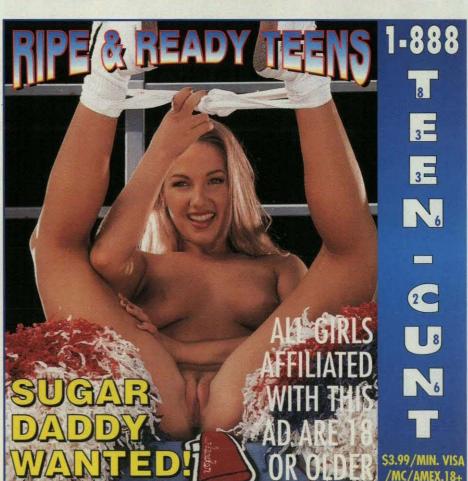
















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Owens "One of the record executives said to me, 'Buck, some of the people we're signing are so young, they don't even remember who Buck Owens was.' But that's what the record companies want."

one of the nicest people I've ever met.

HUSTLER: People associate you with Merle Haggard because of the Bakersfield connection and also because you were influential in his early career.

OWENS: I don't know if that's true or not, but Merle did travel with me for about a year and a half in the mid-'60s and was part of the show. He's without a doubt the greatest combination of singer/songwriter I've ever seen. He touches a part of me I like to have touched when I listen to a singer.

HUSTLER: Any chance of you two

working together again?

OWENS: Hag and I talked a couple of different times about getting together and doing a Bakersfield album. One time he called me up at midnight and said, "I keep hearing that you and I ought to make an album and that you're ready." I told him, "I'm the one that started that rumor." He was ready right then, up there in his studio in Redding. I said, "Goddang, Hag, you're 400 miles away. I need a couple of days notice." But the next time, when he calls back again, I'm gettin' on a plane and going. I don't care what time it is.

HUSTLER: What artists give you hope for country today?

OWENS: Just lately I've heard some

sounds that I'm very enthused about. One is that Lee Ann Womack girl; she absolutely killed me. I went out and bought a bunch of her records and gave them to friends. I can tell you some of the people I hear honesty in today. Vince Gill is honest. So is whatever kind of music Dwight Yoakam decides to dowhether it's bluegrass or country or whatever. And there's two guys that make their music just like they feel it: George Strait and Clint Black. Do they have the big multi-multimillion album sales? No, but I don't hear George or Clint compromising themselves because they want radio to play it. They are both themselves.

HUSTLER: And vet the country-record companies exert tremendous control over young artists.

OWENS: Hey, man, they don't even want your ass to breathe. I've got a couple of contracts here. I won't read them verbatim, but it says-get this nowyou will allow members of the label to come to your session to talk to you about what you're doing and make comments. Like fuck I will! Isn't that asinine? What do record people know; they're merchandisers.

HUSTLER: But there's a lot of money to

OWENS: The record people say, "Man, you know how many records country is selling? They're selling millions; we gotta have a part of that. My God, we've gotta find us a Garth." There may be 35 labels that recently started a country department. And five or ten years ago, they wouldn't have touched country with a ten-foot pole. There are many in Nashville who just plug a new singer in with the same writers, the same band, the same studio, even with the same producer. They just tell him, "You gotta sound like you're smiling when you're singing." The poor guy, he don't know nothing from nothing. And some of them are terribly young. One of the record executives said to me, "Buck, some of the people we're signing are so young, they don't even remember who Buck Owens was." But that's what the record companies want.

HUSTLER: Do any of today's artists produce their records?

OWENS: They don't produce the records. I'm tellin' vou; it's a shame. All these artists come here, and I say, "Are you usin' your own band on these records?" Not yet, but one of these days we'll put 'em on for a couple of cuts. That's one of the things Hag and I were talkin' about; it helped us that we had our own band in the studio that we took out on tour with us.

HUSTLER: What can these young artists do then?

OWENS: If a guy's got talent, it'll find its way, because he'll insist it finds its way. You sit at home and wait for success to knock on your door, you'll be sittin' there when Methuselah comes back. As soon as the young breed has enough hits, they're gonna take control. I think more and more, the entertainer, the writer, the singer is going to take back from the record companies, the publisher, the producers. I think the experienced ones that know what they want and know how to put it in the grooves are gonna be the ones leading the way. Of course, it might be a while.

HUSTLER: After all is said and done, how has country changed the most since you started?

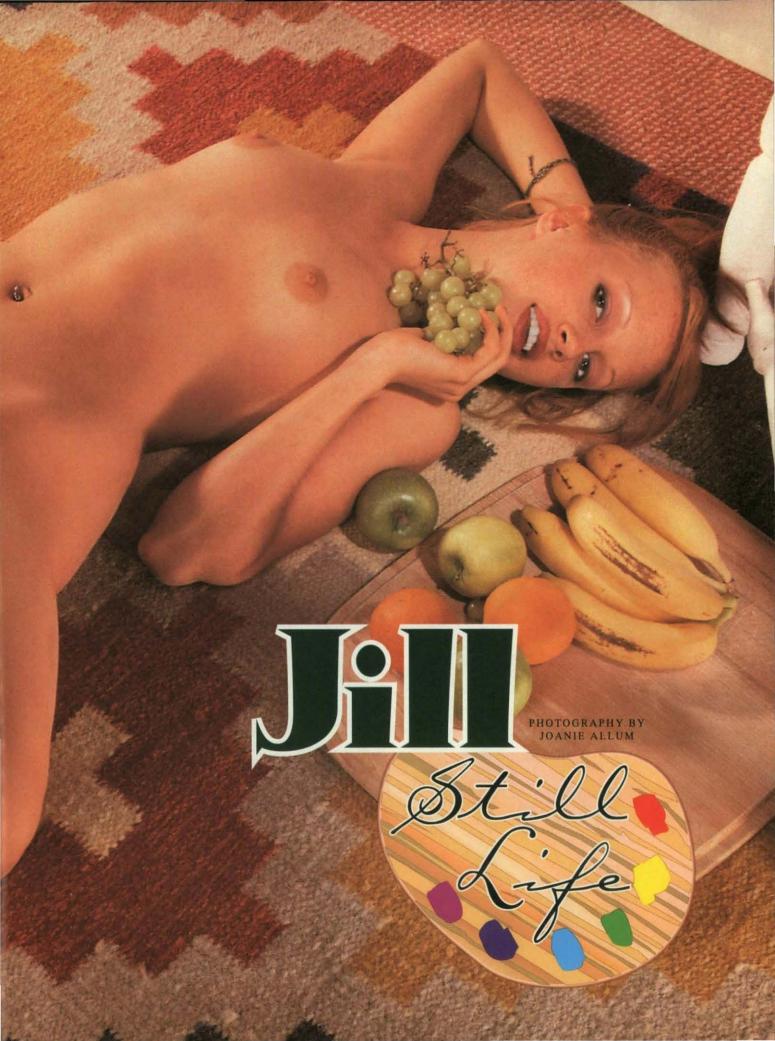
OWENS: Today, country has gone into the mainstream. It used to be, 30 years ago, you pulled up to a stop sign or a red light, and if you were playing something country, and they could hear it on both sides of you, you turned the music down. Now you don't do that. We're out of the closet. But you see, I never turned it down. I fuckin' turned it up! And I still do the same thing.



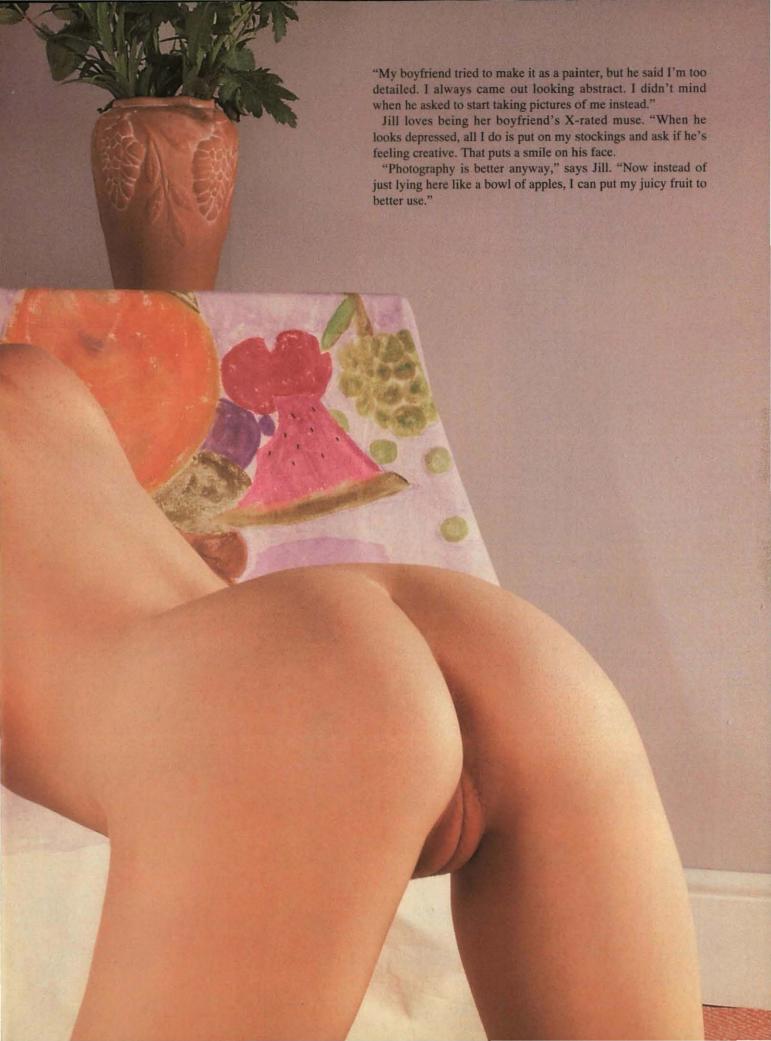


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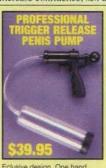
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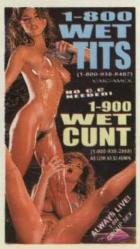




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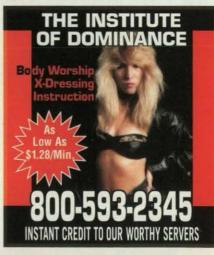












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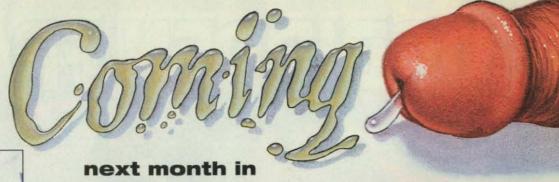
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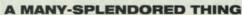




HUSTLER.

FORTY ACRES AND SOME POON

February is Black History Month, and what would be a better way to celebrate than by filling the pages of HUSTLER with tons of naked white women? A pale-skinned Eurocentric princess spreads her creamy thighs to reveal her own curly, black crop, while a dark-haired, ivory devil lady peels off her skintight jeans, exposing her furry, slave-bait snatch. An evil white man abandons his saxophone, a black man's instrument, in exchange for his own pink organ, to the delight of two straight-haired lovelies. Two superior-acting white bitches acquire a taste for tattoos, while a busty, brown-haired honkie takes a bath that would turn Madame C. J. Walker sheet-white. February 1998 HUSTLER: too black, too strong, lots of naked white girls.



February also brings us Valentine's Day. What could be more romantic than 20,000 bleeding, bra-burning, male-bashing womyn moshing as one premenstrual monster at the Lilith Fair Female Rock Fest? Throw in one penis-wielding oaf in the employ of HUSTLER, and you have the world's biggest, mushiest slugfest, accompanied by a very tiresome, girly soundtrack. In Fair Is Fair: How to Fuck Feminist Dykes Who Would Otherwise Never Talk to You, HUSTLER correspondent Selwyn Harris finds 'tisn't always better to have loved and lost.

NAKED HEARTLAND

Paris, France; Venice, Italy; Indianapolis, Indiana—all are cities with deep romantic lore, but only one is home to the fabled Ponderosa Sun Club nudist camp and its annual Nudes-a-Poppin' contest. HUSTLER bon vivant Bettie Rinehart uncovers a beaver bonanza in America's backyard and comes back with heaps of dirty pictures and sleazy tales to last a lifetime. For HUSTLER readers, that spells 1-o-v-e.

WE CANNOT TELL A LIE

February is furthermore the month we celebrate the birth-days of some of our favorite former Presidents. HUSTLER fingers the kinder, gentler nation of tomorrow by hosting a roundtable discussion with freshly come-of-age girls on the topic of sex. Bob Richards plays the role of a trench-coat-clad Geraldo in this must-read look at the mating and dating habits of America's little sisters. Bits & Pieces attacks a 400-pound threat to national security in the form of Chris Farley on a Twinkie bender; more hardworking citizens strip to their bare minimums in another patriotic installment of Beaver Hunt; and Erotic Entertainment pays tribute to the eternal flame with a story on Jasmin St. Claire's new predilection for anal arson that involves blowing flames from her ass. Good night, and God bless.

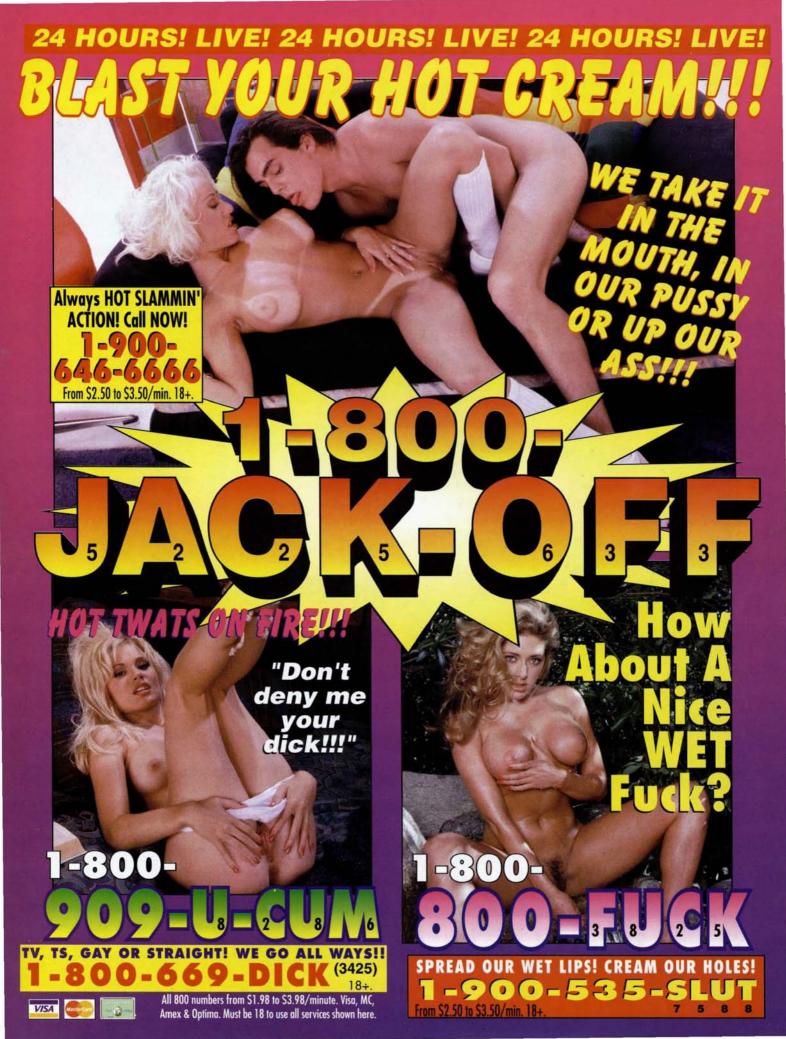
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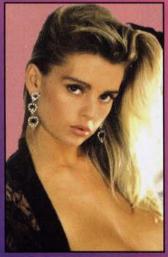


INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS

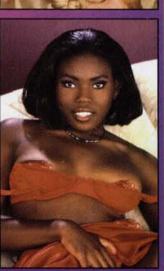
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